THE PRESENT AGE.

$2.00 PER YEAR. THE NEXT LIFE IS BUT THE CONTINUATION OF THIS; WE BEGIN THERE WHERE WE CLOSE HERE. IN ADVANCE.

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Original Poetry.

For the Present Age.

SPIRIT LIFE.

BY BYRON M. BROWNE.

In the dull lapse of time so deeply play
Our fickle fancies with the strange Unknown,
That all are dreamers, though they may essay
The dull, cold prose of reason's sober tone.
I would recall a vision,—if I may,—
Born in the dusky shadows of the throne
Of Night, where Sleep, like some dark spirit hovers,
And with her dusky wing man's senses covers.

A whirlwind of ideas filled my mind,
A chaos of disjointed thoughts that rose
From their strange womb of nothingness, to find
A maelstrom of confusion to oppose
Their further progress, in their power combined,
And then to hurl them all as feath'ry foes,
With a velocity no power could tame
Back to the unknown source from whence they came.

The change was o'er,—my liberated soul
In the full heavenly freedom did rejoice
Of new sensations, sweet in their control,
And the return of mental equipoise.
A fond regret lent to my heart its dole,
A noble sentiment, sublime and choice,
As I beheld all lifeless, pale and dead
The prostrate form I late inhabited.

My spirit heart beat with divinest thrill,
And most ecstatic feeling had a throne
In my rapt breast; my soul did drink its fill
Of pleasure till intoxicated grown.
The young blood sporting in my veins at will
Woke new delight, by none save angels known.
Of happiness indeed there was no dearth,
Which had a novel and a blissful birth.

O, I was free, and on my joyous wings
Which glowed as glows the sun at noontide hour,
Could soar above the earth and gaze on things
Ne'er known before to comprehension's power—
Could probe the depths of knowledge's deepest springs,
And make the mysteries of nature cower
To my discerning intellect, and gaze
Into their subtleties with deep amaze.

And I could flit about upon the earth,
O'er blooming fields and gentle, flowing streams,
Vocal with music of symphonic birth,
Whose sweetness with the inspiration teems
Of nature; I could seek the woods in mirth,
Where the lone Indian lives and hunts, and dreams
Of peaceful hunting grounds and quiet ease,
Where the Great spirit Smokes his pipe of peace.

And o'er the brow of ocean I could skim,
Dipping my happy wing in its bright wave—
Explore its caverns and recesses dim,
Awhile my glowing form its waters lave;
And I could gratify each wanton whim,
And satisfy desires in all they crave;
And in my wantonness could gather shells
In the bright grottos where the mermaid dwells.

Or on my pinion I could mount the air,
And make my couch upon some sunny cloud;
And bask in sunshine's deep effulgence there,
In all the radiance it's glow allowed.
Exquisite prodigality most rare
Of indolence which my soul was proud,
Or in my caprice I could spread my wing
And far above the clouds in freedom spring.

And in rapt admiration take my seat,
While the far earth was hidden from my sight,
In fearless mood, at the hot, molten feet
Of Phoebus, and undazzled by his light.
Then rise at will, and, downward plunging fleet,
Visit the fair earth's silver satelite,
And revel in its beauties, and adore
Its mystic charms—its mysteries explore.

Then back to earth in wantonness of joy,
In sportive manner slowly I'd return,
And seek some pastime that would never cloy,
And more of wisdom and of nature learn;
Or still more curious my thoughts employ,
In contemplation of some subject stern.
Great was my joy and boundless was my treasure,
And ev'ry moment added to my pleasure.

And, like a bird, O, I was glad and free,
And in luxuriance unfurled my wing,
Prodigal of purpose, wild in glee,
In pleasure an intoxicated thing.
And every new theme or novelty
Fresh impetus to happiness would bring.
And none there was to mar or to intrude
Upon my happy world of solitude.

At last, this grew distasteful, and I felt
A sense of loneliness—a deep desire
For something better; in my heart there dwelt
A longing undefined, and like a fire
My wishes glowed, and tireless longing dealt
Its discontent; and as the harp or lyre
Give music to the will, to love's control
Strange harmonies awoke within my soul.

All things become monotonous whate'er
Their merit and whate'er our love; I sighed
For change—for something still more dear
Than knowledge, and my longing heart supplied
My soul with wishes for a purer sphere—
A life more lovely and more sanctified.
And longings in my breast their strife would wage—
A prisoned bird—the universe my cage!

The same, same feeling that in flesh became
A slow, consuming and a constant hell,
And made me strive to gain position, fame—
A feeling that I knew not nor could tell,
E're my young feelings in their dearth grew tame
To time and sad philosophy; I knew too well
Their olden record and their fatal power
Through ceaseless vigils of my earthly hour.

At last a vision beautiful o'er powered my sight,
And like the angels of our faith and dreams—
A spirit being, radiantly bright,
In the effulgence of immortal beams.
O, loving and celestial was the light
Of her bright eyes, where holy passion gleams.
Her magic filled my soul—to bliss I woke
That, like the dawn, upon my spirit broke.

O, this was she, the ideal of my life,
The satisfaction of my heart's desires—
The aim of longings and of earthly strife—
The spirit-mate our fancy never tires
In dreaming of; my very pulse was rife
With intense pleasure; from the mystic wires
Of the soul's harp, like love's first, gentle kiss—
Woke voiceless melody—we name it bliss!

Blended as one together forth we went
On wings of ecstacy to paradise;
Love's pure and holy rapture the cement
That bound our souls as one; the happy skies
Our universe; the boundless sentiment
Of God's great love, that He to none denies,
Thrilled us, filled us, with all blessing laden,
The perfect pleasure of our spirit aiden!

O, thus we were united in a dear
And gentle fusion in the world above,
And in our union in that blessed sphere
Our heav'n became appreciating love.
And no inharmony could ever rear
Its discord, and no truant wish could rove.
Together blent with satisfaction rife,
We formed one perfect being, perfect life!

O, then this knowledge, lovely and sublime,
Was taught me in that bright celestial goal:
When the Almighty on the sea of time,
In its frail bark of dust launches a soul,
'Tis not alone, to buffet sin and crime—
A spirit-mate is given to fate's control.
Seldom they meet on time's tempestuous sea,
But they shall blend in one in life to be.

Seldom the soul, rife with divinest thrills
Of passion-love, meets in this earthly life
Its counterpart, so fate unyielding wills,
And dooming it to longings care and strife—
To doubt and woe, and that despair that kills
Slowly, yet certain as assassin's knife.
O, lonely are the tender longings keeping
The heart so cold, the sad eyes dim with weeping.

The one departing first must wait until
Joined by its spirit-mate, and hand in hand
Soar to God's realm of bliss; thus rules the will
Of the Great Spirit—destiny most grand!
The thought awakes intoxicating thrill,
Philosophy is powerless to withstand.
Thus perfect life exists in ecstacy,
And longings have no further destiny.

Why did I waken from that lovely dream,
And skeptic reason claim its prosy sway?
And yet it may be true—a sunny gleam
Of light through clouds that overhang our way.
Though skeptics argue and traduce the theme,
Prophetic Hope will exercise her sway.
And doubt and sophistry cannot destroy
The pleasing spell that of sweet dream of joy.

KALAMAZOO, Nov,. 10th. 1869.

Literary.

Written expressly for the Present Age.]

MY GARDEN ON EARTH AND IN SPIRIT LAND; A HISTORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

CHAPTER I.

"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction."

In the wisdom of the Infinite, it has been allotted to man to *labor*, both for the promotion of physical and intellectual development; and without labor there is no growth. The infant, with the first breath it draws, commences that system of involuntary action, which, with the voluntary, that very soon commences, is to secure to the physical form a healthy growth, a natural unfoldment. *Action, action*, is nature's lesson throughout her wide empire; and the more energetic is action in its legitimate exhibition, the more rapid is the progress it secures. Man posseses a physical nature in the first stage of his existence, that claims his constant care. He may not neglect this nature, as he is very apt to his intellectual in this initiatory stage of his being, for nature has ordained that the salvation of the physical form shall depend upon effort. Thus the great lesson of labor is at first enforced. If physical man drudges through a long life time of physical toil, he is but paying the debt he owes his own nature; however, he may carry this species of labor to excess, as he often does, and thereby cause his intellectual part to suffer for that action which is as necessary to it as to the physical.

As there is an outer form in the first state demanding constant care from its possessor, so there is in the spiritual state; and man never outgrows an outer nature, or the necessity of *labor* to supply the demands of that nature. His outer and interior nature constitute him man throughout all the stages of his immortal being; and labor with the *hands* as well as with the mind, is to constitute his employment and pleasure through all these stages. If he is only destined to be a *drudge* while in the physical state, he, nevertheless, in that state acquires habits of action that make the necessary exercise of his outer form in the spiritual state pleasurable; indeed, indispensable to happiness. There are those who neglect their proper development physically and intellectnally, by neglecting the duty of labor. Of this class was he who will give an outline of his own experience in a perverted way of life, chosen as an easy one. The spirit teacher of the writer of this, is the instrument through which this stranger speaks; as he is unaccustomed to the magnetism of the writer, and would not do well in trying to communicate through her.

To give the world a history of one's failures is to simply record the peculiarity of constitution of mind of the individual. Men fail to do well, only as they fail to possess well balanced intellects; and this fault is to be remedied by its being definitely painted out, and by appropriate means being used to cultivate the nature, to re-adjust the faculties of the mind according to nature's perfect system. My life-history, thus far, as I have learned to consider it, has been one of discipline, for the purpose of perfecting my imperfect nature. The irregularities of my youthful years were not, hence, virtues, but they have served the purpose of discipline, nevertheless; have been used by nature as means at hand to prompt to repentance and good works.

I was a favored son of fortune—according to the estimation in which wealth and power are held among ignorant men. My father was a *Soverign*, I a prince; and consequently, to me did not descend the necessity of earning my bread by the sweat of my brow. I was heir to a more ignoble inheritence than poverty; for my ancestors before me had lived upon the labors of others, and transmitted to their posterity a disposition to exact from the mass, the means to sustain a luxurious living, and foster a pride that was as fatal to real manhood, as to the liberties of the people. The habit of *dependence* was born with me; for I inherited it as a prince; and besides my disposition prompted me to shun labor, or any exercise of body or mind that would not promote my pleasure. I was the slave of my passion for ease and pleasure.

It was not my fortune to heir the throne, as I had an elder brother; but it was the failing of my father to educate his sons alike—he that was to succeed him on the throne, and those who were to take responsible positions in the state as members of his house. I was early placed in the care of a tutor with my brothers, and early displayed a dislike for study and wholesome restraint. I spurned the authority of the tutor, and neglected the tasks imposed upon me, unless his authority was seconded by that of my father; who really desired my improvement, and vested ample authority in my teacher, had I been a willing student, all would have been well. Few princes comparatively, have been favored with tutors whose firmness and wisdom have sufficed to discipline their pupils into strict obedience, to wholesome rules and diligent application to study. The world's history might have been different, were this not true. I have, however, less complaint to make of tutors of princes, than of the system that places some in society, so far above all others that no authority of man can reach them. The humble tutor, like other men around him, trembles before *kingly authority*, and the *king's sons*; and the latter become masters when they should be students and subject to discipline.

See my own case, the lack of firmness in my teachers, had much to do with my neglect of study and necessary exercise in my youth. My father's authority could not inspire me with a love of useful employment, nor my teachers with the necessary independence to train me as the child of a subject would have been trained by judicious teachers. My garden was early beginning to exhibit the tendency of its soil to produce weeds; was early manifesting the necessity of careful cultivation, to insure the production of any useful thing. Thorns and thistle were among the first plants that showed themselves above the soil, and these flourished, apparently, while the tiny fragrant shrubs languished for nourishment. Why was this? Is the soil of human nature really more prolific in thorns and thistles, than in fragrant roses and idle plants?

In some natures there is at first, such a tendency toward the low, the unintelligent plain, as it may be appropriately called, that more exists in them to foster the sensual propensities than the manly ones. Thistles grow easier, in soils adapted to them, than grasses; and much labor is necessary to create an adaptation of such soil to grasses, and to root out the thistles. So with natures poisoned with sensualism. *Thistles will grow in them* until they are qualified by a natural process to produce something higher; and this natural process is instruction, the bending of the disposition, in a natural direction by wholesome authority, and the discipline which is the plough, the harrow, and the spade, which uproot weeds, stir the soils, and intermix with it the ingredients supplied by instruction. I shall illustrate these principles in the course of my narative, and seek to impress upon those who are intrusted with the care of the young, the importance of *directing* them into right paths, instead of leaving them to "grow" into them without assistance.

CHAPTER II.

I relate only such a portion of my experience as serves to illustrate my character, and the principle that there is no healthy growth without labor, and that both the physical and mental natures depend for proper growth upon the proper exercise of the physical.

The mental nature is so connected with the physical, so dependent upon it, that it suffers with it, whatever be the malady affecting the latter. Luxury enervates the physical system, and correspondingly the mental. Idleness weakens the body, and also the mind, as the muscular system generates the force that keeps the brain in action, and whatever debilitates the former must the latter, as surely as effect follows cause. *The battle of life* is appointed to men to fight as an indispensible necessity to their growth into the stature of intellectual beings, in the true sense. Those who fight it manfully in the physical state, never shrinking or skulking, are they who conquor the *downward tendency* of human nature in such a degree in that state, that they enter the spiritual, prepared for a different kind of warfare from that which enchains the body to a certain routine to preserve its existence, and calls forth all the energies of the mind for the same end. The *skulkers* in this battle, are dwarfed, body, soul and spirit; and entering spirit-life, are *compelled* to *fight the battle*, although they may have imagined they have escaped the disagreeable duty.

I passed the years of my early youth in the idle pleasures that are always at hand for such as I was, and grew to be careless of my future, and of the wishes of my father, before I was fifteen. I had no ambition to excel in any thing manly. I expected an honorable position as a hereditary right, and depended for my support on the income that was alloted me as a member of the royal family. Thus there was nothing to impel me to effort, nothing to *force* the action that would have served to awaken my dormant manhood. If I had any taste for exercise of body or mind, it was for training favorite dogs. I thought more of my dogs than of books, female society, horses, or military practice. Indeed these animals were my companions almost constantly, and supplied the place of play mates, mother, father, sisters, and brothers. My father strove to awaken my ambition for more manly pleasures and employments, by such means as presenting me with noble purposes, causing me to witness military parades, and to participate in them, by offering me high position in the army or state, as I might choose, as a reward for diligent attention to some manly studies or exercises. I promised all he desired, and expected to be of importance in the state at a riper age; but still my apathy was not removed, and my course of life was that of a youth left too much to himself.

My disposition was like my mother's, and consequently she exercised no influence for good over me. Her pleasures and employments were as trivial as my own; and nothing was expected of her but to fill her place as spouse of the king, according to the estimation in which women and their duties were held at the time. I did not honor her, or care for her opinion or pleasure. My brothers sympathized with me in this, although they were careful to please our father, exhibiting a manliness that was as pleasing to him as it was honorable to them.

I was left fatherless at fifteen, and I may add friendless; for besides him there was no one whom I could claim as a true friend, or who would bear with my failings, and urge me to reformation. I was left to myself, still more after my father's death and chose my amusements and employments with scarcely any interference from any. I had a *name* in the state, but of influence I had none really. I deserved none, as I was not manly enough to assume responsibilities that I should have considered my own, and honorable to the son of my father. When difficulties arose and the councils of state were disturbed by clamors for war on the one hand and peace on the other—when my brother trembled with anxiety for the safety of his kingdom, and hesitated between opposing counsels, I was not at his right hand as his chief counselor, as it was my duty and privilege to be, but relinquished the place to a minister who had the ambition to act the part of a statesman, although he possessed the heart of a knave, and would betray the interests of a kingdom to promote his personal ends, Ignoble brother that I was, I suffered the whole weight of the care of a kingdom to rest upon the shoulders of him who wore the purple, when I could have shared it with him, and retained his confidence and love; as he was a confiding brother and wished in his heart for a real friend and helper in his brother who survived with him to share the honors of the house.

I married at the age of twenty, and assumed the responsible position of head of a family. I was as poorly fitted for this as for any other noble position; and my new relations did not suffice to awaken my ambition, or infuse the necessary manhood into me, to cause me to treat my wife with the consideration a wife deserves from her husband. I became the father of children, and reared them to *curse me* as an incompetent, a careless father. Thus my garden was all growing up to weeds; "nettles were covering the face thereof," and they stung me even before I understood their nature, and sought to eradicate them.

I was dishonored for my *imbecility*; as my idle, careless nature was justly termed. I wearied of life, so purposeless it was to me. My pleasures became tastless; I was sated with luxury, and longed for something I knew not what, to satisfy my nature, that would assert itself to be something more than *bestial*, altogether it had been *starved* into living upon the "husks" that supported the swine. My way of life from my youth until the forty-first year of my age, was that of a *luxurious idler*. I had failed entirely to answer the end of my being, in that I had done nothing well that I had attempted, and I had attempted very little that was calculated to develop my manhood. I could point to no record of noble deeds, such as adorn the history of the sons of royalty, to men of deeds of mercy and justice, such as adorn the history of every *man*; I could show no honorable scars received in battling for my country, or my house, no laurels won in the literary fields; I could boast of no *noble* sons and daughters, to shine as stars in the firmament of my life, and in the world of mankind, had scarcely a friend that might be truly called such, that *I* had possessed through my whole life. Who so poor as I, when at this early age, my physical nature completely broken down by indulgence and inactivity, death cut short the thread of physical life and launched me on the, to me unknown ocean of the life beyond? But I was not henceforth, without a safe bark, furnished with rudder and sail, chart and compass, and trusty mariners to guide it for me until I should be able to steer my own course.

(To be Continued.

Grace Greenwood on Woman's Rights.

A LETTER TO MR. HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR MR. GREELEY:—Among the first articles of a strong diet, in the way of reading, allowed me in my slow convalescence from a severe illness, comes your paper, entitled "My Notions of Woman's Rights." Many of the ideas in that manifesto I endorse—all I respect as the honest expressions of a faithful, practical friend of woman; and yet, on some of your propositions, I beg you will allow me a little talk, just to show how they strike a mind most femininely unphilosophical and illogical, and touched with that contagion of discontent with the existing order of things which is afflicting the womanhood of the age.

I accept your first proposition, "that God created our race, male and female, with clear-seeing intent that it should thereby be rendered more efficient, nobler, happier, than it otherwise could be."

As a woman, feeling all the sweet bitterness of woman's lot, knowing its costly joys, its love-born sorrows, its humiliations, following fast upon its little triumphs and its life-long burden of precious cares, I cling to my faith in the goodness and justice of the Creator, when all other faith fails—cling for dear life. No *man* can know what infinite consolation we find in this half-devout, half-desperate reliance on the divine good intent, in the matter of our creation and destiny. Yet I venture to doubt if God's plans and purposes toward us have yet been fully understood and fairly interpreted, even by great philosophers and doctors of divinity.

I admit your second proposition, that the present relations of the sexes, involving man's supremacy and woman's dependence, are of very ancient origin indeed. Adam and Eve probably *fell* into them; or, if the Darwinian theory be true, they may be the honored relics of a simian period, of indefinite antiquity But does it therefore follow that they must exist essentially unchanged forever? Adam had but one wife, for obvious reasons, but polygamy soon became a respectable patriarchal institution. *Nous avons change tout cela*, and that without profanely flying in the face of Providence. Is not change as much the "divine order" as stability?

I do not dispute the next proposition, that the earliest human governments were formed and administered by men. You probably had it all your own way in those antedeluvian caucuses and constitutional conventions. I doubt not that the women staid quietly at home, attending to their simple culinary duties, while the men made the laws; but it is not altogether clear to my mind that things would have gone smoother with the young world if occasionally the men had cooked, and the women had legislated. And I don't think that matters were made any worse in primitive times by the occasional elevation of clever, strong-minded women. One of that sort sat on the supreme bench in Israel, without disgracing it by unconstitutional decisions.

The next proposition I accept with some qualifications. The household *is* the peculiar "kingdom of woman," and I think that, as far as possible, all young girls should be taught to rule and serve in that kingdom. Yet there are women of great executive ability who have no households to direct; and there are other women of rare intellectual gifts who absolutely cannot be housekeepers. Nature seems to have denied them the necessary faculty. They could no more order a household than I could edit the *Tribune*, or than you, Mr. Greeley, could teach a dancing school. What shall we do with such?

You seem to answer the question when you so generously say, "I affirm the right of woman to do whatever she can do well, even though her ability be exceptional and not common to her sex;" but you only specify a single case of a woman as deserving of honor for adopting a so-called unfeminine avocation. It is that of a wife or daughter who supports a crippled husband or father, by tilling a farm or garden—working "by herself," or with the aid only of female hired men.

Now suppose that the devoted wife or daughter lacks the taste or physical strength for such work, and successfully engages in the practice of law or medicine, you surely would not refuse her your respect.

As for the right of suffrage, in the first place, I would put myself on record as an advocate for a constitutional amendment requiring an educational qualification. I would have no man or woman vote, who should not be found able to write his or her name, and read the New-York *Tribune*. I cannot share your apprehensions of the consequences of extending the right, thus guarded, to us. If you give dear woman "more rope," I hope it will not be to "go hang!" I trust that the ballot in her hands, will not be, even in your city, a free ticket to Sing-Sing or Albany. We shall not all take to stock gambling and legislation, to club-house life, the stump and the jury-box at once. We shall not all go to congress and perdition together. Believe me, enough of us will remain at home, (and it still will be called *home* and not *chez moi*) to keep the kettle boiling and the cradle rocking. The good husband and father will find that the soul of a true home will survive the magnanimous granting the rights we claim. Otherwise we were ingrates indeed. Dinners will be as well cooked as now—domestic service will be no more uncertain—hearth-fires will burn as brightly—easy-chair, dressing-gown and slippers will be conserved. If mamma goes quietly out on election day to vote for mayor or governor; if Miss Alice drops into the hospital clinic, and Miss Emma runs round to the law school, to take notes of a lectnre on the laws of divorce, I have the cheerful faith to believe that there may still come, now and then, to *paterfamilias*, the old familiar milliner's bill, or the French boot maker's little account, to console him with the assurance that "lovely woman still stoops to folly."

If Mr. Smith regales himself at breakfast-time with the spicy *World*, while Mrs. Smith enjoys her *Tribune*, I don't see why their political differences should involve them in a serious "unpleasantness," any more than the fact that Mr. Smith is a Close Communion Baptist, while madam belongs to the "Broad Church" of Dr. Bellows—unless, indeed, politics are a more vital element in American social life than religion.

I sincerely hope, my dear sir, you will be able to raise your Amazonian army of "the hundred thousand scientific, skilful, thoroughly qualified cooks"—according to Notion X. Cookery is an excellent calling, and sorely needs recruits; still I cannot see in it a very tempting opening for the exceptional woman of talent and ambition. You don't offer bounty enough in the way of wages. Then, the great cooks of the world are, and always have been, *men*. We humbly yield the point of your supremacy in this science, as in the highest walks of dramatic literature. You have Shakespeare and you have Soyer. Dumas is as great in the *cuisine* as in the study. I doubt not Mr. Greely can turn from dashing off a leader to concocting a chowder, and that the two products of his genius will be alike masterly. I doubt not that he could serve up a pudding and an anti-protectionist with sauces equally hot and spicey, and do a duck as brown as a Democrat.

Now, my dear Mr. Greely, could there be such an amazing American product as a female Soyer, would you rather that one of those beloved daughters of whom you speak should be that queen of cooks, than to see her a second Portia, an eloquent advocate, able to stand before judge and jury, with countenance modest yet unabashed, there to defend some poor sister in peril of her life, or to denounce the despoiler of woman's innocence and peace, the desecrater of a happy home, with somewhat of the power and more than the pathos of a Curran? Ah! would you not, if such a thing were possible, sooner have her worthily succeed her father as a great journalist, as a fearless champion of social and political reform, as a quickener of noble healthful thought, an inciter to brave living, for thousands of her countrymen and countrywomen, than to know that she could cook a potato like St. Bridget herself, than to have her give her name to a soup of unimagined deliciousness and nutritiousness?

But it is not what *we* would rather have our daughters do, but what *they* would rather do—what they feel they can do best, what their instincts demand for the exercise of their noblest powers and strongest proclivities — that is the question. If a quiet, domestic life is sufficient for your daughter or mine, well and good, and *very good*. I am the last to deny honor to the labors and duties in which I was trained; but if the strong bent of their desires and energies is in another direction, can we, dare we, stand in their way? We may prefer to have them Eves and Imogens, in essential womanhood, but, practically, they must be the women of their own, not of Milton's or Shakespeare's age.

We must look the fact in the face, that many women, like men, are ambitious; that they have often as intense and sleepless desires for excellence and distinction as men. If, as you tell us we are surpassed in every department of literature art, and science; if even in cookery we are outdone, while we hear the queens of society declare that male dressmakers excel us, fashioning robes that fit the female form as though they loved it—what wonder if, in our unchastened conceit, we fancy that in some of those pursuits from which custom has debarred us we may yet rival our brothers? What wonder that, dropping the needle, we seize upon the scalpel; that, failing on soups and stews, we would turn for consolation to divinity or diplomacy?

We must look another fact in the face—that women are mercenary. We like money, and a good deal of it. Many of us prefer to earn it for ourselves, and some of us must earn it, whether we prefer to or not; so, naturally, cannot be exactly content to work for half wages, even at the most feminine employments. We live by bread, and we want it buttered, and we shall take all fair means of improving our worldly condition. That the right of suffrage will help us, materially and at once, I cannot say; but I should like to see it tried. If our subdued nature and utter domestication are according to the eternal laws of Nature, why re-enact those laws? Why not leave the matter in the hands of the great mother? Remove legal restrictions and disabilities, trust a little in us, and a good deal in God, and all will come right, I think. 'Till then, it is in vain to counsel us to "lie down in the pleasant pastures, beside the still waters" of our blessed womanly condition. Though knee-deep in clover, we shall not cease to career about the enclosure, looking for weak places in the wall, and perversely fancying that there is better pasturage, that there are sweeter waters over yonder. Throw down the barriers, and many of us will probably stay about where we are. Said once a profound old Yankee philosopher, "Women and critters"—meaning cows—"are a good deal alike."

If, by much importunity and many convictions, we weary our rulers into granting the rights in question, we shall have to sacrifice, we are told, the chivalrous respect and poetic sentiment with which dependent women are now regarded. But chivalry dosn't pay the poor widow's taxes, and poetry never eked out the salary of an underpaid teacher. In the struggle for justice, womanhood may lose some of its more delicate attributes—the bloom from the peach, the moss and dew from the rose—but one must live.

If avocations distasteful and unsuited to woman are imposed upon her, half in punishment for her temerity and obstinacy, I hope she will bear herself gallantly under the new burden. For my part, I should rejoice to see thousands of the pale, gaunt women who, now in the packed tenement-houses of our great cities, keep hearth and dishonor by bay with the point of a needle, taking to farming on the prairies of the West.

Once, when travelling in the Austrian Tyrol, I passed on the road a singular establishment. It was a cart loaded with manure, and drawn by a cow, a donkey, and a woman, harnessed together. The master of this grotesque tandem-team, a burly peasant, walked leisurely beside it, meditatively smoking a meerschaum. One could see, by his placid countenance, that his soul had never been vexed by the "woman question."

Now, Mr. Greely, it seems to me, the worst we can look for, should our emancipated countrywomen be driven to the rudest agricultural pursuits, were a reproduction of this picture, with the master left out. With all respect, yours, GRACE GREENWOOD.

WASHINGTON, September 28th, 1879.

P. S.—I heartily approve of your plan for a National Woman's Convention to consider these things. A call for such a convention has just been issued by some of our noblest representative women, headed by Lucy Stone, most feminine of the strong-minded. It is to meet at Cleveland, Ohio, about the middle of November, and we confidently look for the light of Mr. Greeley's countenance there.—*Hearth and Home.*

Revenge—Vengeance—Responsibility.

A CHAPTER IN MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The alleged reason for the justness of revenge or vengeance, or in other words, for the correctness of the savage's justice, is the supposition that man acts independently of causation; that, under the circumstances, he was not impelled to do as he did, and might have done otherwise. The error of this notion we have often pointed out, or so it appears to us; the stupidity of it is most wondrous, for it is an actual contradiction of the first principle of all knowledge,—the intuition of causation. We instinctively know that every change is the effect of an adequate cause, and thus we are at once aware of the fact that causation governs every modification of substance, and every production of excitement and motion, so that everything is necessarily what it is; every animal thinks, feels, and acts precisely as it does of necessity; and hence it seems absurd to say that a man could have acted differently from the manner he has. The simplest people are fully aware of this fact, and instead of speaking positively, as "You could have done otherwise," they express themselves correctly in a hypothesis, "You could have done otherwise *if you liked*,"—that is, if you had had the necessary impulse in excitement adequate to cause you to do the action. The planets, also, could and would turn out their ordinary courses, if impulse sufficient to make them do so were in excitement.

Human actions depend altogether upon the states of our consciousness. We have, as individuals, scarcely any more power in producing these, than we have in making the sun's light; and even after consciousness has been produced for us in any given state of it, we cannot be aware of the precise state that is to succeed. The physical philosopher, in his survey of the various objects of Nature, is aware of necessity in everything around him. He observes the motions of the planets, the winds, clouds, rain, and various meteors; he looks upon the surfey ocean, the sandy seashore, the verdant plains, and the craggy hills, and is aware that all these things have been caused to be precisely as they are, considering all causes. There is not a wave on the ocean, nor anything that could be otherwise than precisely as it is. And the metaphysician in like manner, being acquainted with the influences that operate in the production, reproduction, and modification of consciousness, in the causation of thought, feeling, and action, is as fully aware that no consciousness or action could have been otherwise than it has been. This knowledge does away with the responsibility of retributive justice, and with all vengeful desire: for when we know that a man cannot help being what he is, all blame is taken away from him. An intelligent, thoughtful person feels no anger, but pity, at insanity, however extravagant it may be; and in like manner, one who understands the science of consciousness can really condemn no one. The responsibility of retaliation and retribution, then, is rather savagery than otherwise, and the result of ignorance.

The responsibility of the utilitarians (as we find their doctrine laid down in the writings of Bentham,) may be some improvement on that of the savage, but not much. They start with the principle of promotion of the greatest possible happiness; and, to do this, though they admit the causation of action, and make it the basis of their system, they never inquire what the circumstances are that produce evil, and what those that produce good are, for the purpose of removing the one, and instituting the other; but, after declaring man to be a necessary agent, and that their object is to give general happiness, and that "every pain is an evil," they instead of proposing the removal of the causes of evil, and the institution of the causes of good, gravely proposes that the amount of evil in society be doubled, for the purpose of promoting the general happiness. Each criminal is to have evil inflicted on him, according to the decision of the judge, for the purpose of warning others. There are many who seem to consider this system as the perfection of wisdom, but perhaps the time may come when it will be regarded as folly. The way, and the only way, it would seem, in which to remove evil, is to ascertain what its causes are, and annihilate them forever; the way to procure happiness is to ascertain its causes, and institute them permanently. There is no mystery in this matter, and therefore we need not supplicate Heaven nor fear Perdition, for neither God nor Satan afflicts mankind. The powers which produce all good or evil, are the circumstances and institutions of society. This seems to us a self-evident fact, and hence it is to the perfecting of these influences that the philosopher must manfully devote himself. They must be examined carefully, and their good or bad influences be made known to the public. And when mankind shall rightly understand and appreciate the causation of good and evil, they must, by the necessity of their nature, seize upon the former and avoid the latter.—*Investigator.*

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls;
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man;—
Or, what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, whoe'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

Confucian Temples.

Confucian temples abound in China. The largest and finest is in Pekin, and is said to contain a portrait of the great moralist. Worships or celebrations may be held there at intervals, but Confucius ordained no Sabbath or particular day for worship or rest. The ceremonies of state are conducted at Confucian temples, and in this the register of the present dynasty is kept, where each Emperor may register his name upon ascending the throne, In the court-yard there are some trees said to be five hundred years old, and some drum-shaped stones, dating eight hundred years B. C. There are a great many tablets of marble, full of inscriptions in Chinese classics, so well cut that, it is said copies have been printed from them. If any Chinese temple is dedicated to God, it is the Temple of Heaven, at Pekin. The most solemn worship of the empire was formerly conducted in this temple. It is a grand structure, erected on an immense altar of marble construction, surrounded by marble balustrades of the same material, beautifully carved. The grounds are a mile square, surrounded by a high wall, and within the inclosed, paved walks, fine avenues of trees, and grassy lawns afford a delightful retreat from the dust of Pekin. The building is circular in form, and has a three story roof, covered with blue enameled tiles, surmounted by a large gilt ball, and is by far the most striking piece of architecture in the vicinity of Pekin. The Emperor of China formerly made an annual visit here, for the purpose of worshiping the invisible God, and the ceremonies were preceded by fasting three days in an adjoining building, and were attended with burnt offerings on the altar, which retains marks of the sacrificial fires.

LEAVES.—This is the season for beautiful leaves. Every day we may expect to see the living green flush crimson like the maple, or scarlet like the sumach, or soft brown like the oak, or golden yellow like the horse-chesnut. Do the young readers of the *register* know what beautiful ornaments these leaves, by some called dead, make for their rooms? They must be nicely dried in books, or between boards— the leaves or papers changed every two or three days—and heavy weights put on that they may lie flat. Some persons press them with a moderately warm flat-iron when they first gather them. Get all the richest colors you can, and add to them the lovely green ferns and brakes which any little walk into the country will give you, and you have no idea, if you have never tried it, what a charming finish they give to a room, wreathed around pictures, or over a bay window, or a door opening into another room. You secure a depth of color, a warm glow, and a spirit of grace and beauty which, even if your room is very simple and unadorned, will render it attractive. Try it.—*Register.*

THE PRESENT AGE.

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Kalamazoo, Saturday, Nov. 20, 1869.

Organic Work.

The Spiritualists of Michigan are next month to meet in their Fourth Annual State Convention, which will afford an opportunity, for those from different parts of the state, who have been engaged in efforts to systematize our work, to counsel together, and from their past experience, no doubt make practical suggestions for the future. It was not to be expected that human wisdom could at once devise a perfect system, or that a work could be commenced and prosecuted without mistakes being made. The child in learning to walk makes many failures, but by continued effort success is finally attained.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out."

Had we been told that in less than two years, from the time of inaugurating our present excellent system, we should have achieved the success which the present indicates, we could not have believed it. That our work, as before remarked, is a perfect success no one claims—but that it is a failure as certain persons, through hatred, and envy represent, all who have any knowledge upon the subject know to be untrue.

What have we gained? We answer. Two years since, as Spiritualists of the state, county, and even of the town, we were strangers, now through our Local Societies, County Circles and State Association, we have become acquainted with each other. This not only in a social point of view has been highly advantageous to us as individuals, but to the cause by exhibiting our strength in numbers, which having thus been made manifest to the public, has commanded for us the respect of opposers, and a consideration of our teachings, such as never before attained. We admit this is far from being a true standard by which to judge any people or their teachings, but it is the "way of the world." Thus our organic work has brought us as a people together, and now, instead of being strangers, an intimate acquaintance and a fraternal interchange of thoughts has been the result. That we need some financial plan, that may be adapted to the wants of small societies as well as large, is manifestly now our greatest want. Next to this, the lack of co-operation among the several societies of a county, in the employment of speakers has been a difficulty not yet overcome. Our County Circle system was intended to meet this demand, and we think will if practically adopted.

In nearly all of our larger places, like Kalamazooo, Marshall, Battle Creek, etc., the principal reliance for the raising of funds to pay expenses incidental to sustaining lectures, is a resort to public dancing parties. At the risk of taking a position on the unpopular side of this question, we shall give it as our opinion, after careful observation, as an unwise practice, and heretofore a positive hinderance to the progress of our cause. A system that has tended to bring us as a people into disrepute, and the sooner we abandon it as a means of raising money, the better. We would not be understood in taking this position, as opposed to dancing as an amusement, at a proper time and place, and when conducted with reference to health of body and spirit, and for recreation only. But when as now the principal motive is the raising of funds, most serious evils have grown out of the practice; and sometimes when we have heard these gatherings called "Spiritual socials," we have not felt, to say the least, that our cause was honored thereby. *Money* being the object, and the managers being anxious to make it a success in this particular, even if desirous of exercising care, are not sufficiently discriminating as to the class who attend; and under the circumstances it really seems impossible to keep from a public hall many who do attend, and yet who ought to be rejected. Again, many who go and pay their dollar, are not satisfied to close even at midnight, and the result is, unfitness for the duties of the following day, and in many cases a loss of health, and almost invariably a loss of that natural, genial flow of spirits, which gives grace and happiness to the home circle. We could say much more upon this subject, but forbear. We have said enough to call to its consideration the thoughtful attention of our friends.

We hope the financial problem, and many questions of a practical character, may occupy the attention of the coming State Convention in its business hours, and that the results of its deliberations may give a new impetus to our cause in this State. We believe the remarks we have made are applicable not only to Michigan, but will appeal to all our readers in other States who may be considering the subject of organization.

Temperance and Political Action.

We have no hope for the final triumph of the Temperance cause, without the entire prohibition of the sale of intoxicating beverages. No doubt by almost superhuman efforts, through moral instrumentalities we are saving some victims, yet thousands of drunkards are being made, mostly from the ranks of the young, who are enticed to the attractive saloon of the fashionable hotel, or the less attractive places with which every city and village of our country abounds, where the terrible death-producing drink is kept for sale. How best to remove this terrible evil, should occupy the attention, and most deeply interest every patriot and philanthropist. We have hoped that such would be the force of public opinion, that one or both of the great political parties of the country would be forced to adopt the prohibitory policy. But we have known persons professing to be temperance men, and such they were, attend temperance meetings, and Good Templar's Lodges make good speeches, and pay their money liberally for the promotion of the cause, yet on the day of election go to the polls and vote for legislators and executive officers, whom they knew to be opposed to prohibition, and whose influence, private and official, would be thrown on the side of the rum seller and the rum drinker, until we have lost all hope in that direction. Both the political parties have long since learned that temperance men loved party, more than their professed temperance principles, and knowing as they do that the influence of the liquor dealer is to be felt at the polls, both parties seek to conciliate that class.

We had looked favorably upon the movement for the formation of a new party, and while in attendance at a meeting of the Good Templars of Grand River Valley, two years since, and subsequently in the Grand Lodge at Kalamazoo, we introduced a resolution favoring the organization of such a party, "ONE *of the planks* of the platform to be the prohibition of the *liquor traffic*." The resolution was adopted by both conventions after much discussion; and the agitation continued within the ranks of the temperance reformers until it finally culminated in the calling of a State Convention, and subsequently a National Convention, at Chicago.

The hopes of the temperance men and women of the Nation were raised, and it was believed a brighter day was to dawn upon us; but alas the men who met there were unequal to the emergency, and we greatly fear the result has been rather to retard than advance the cause of temperance. We had not supposed that such a number of men could be brought together who were shortsighted enough to believe a political party could be organized, and go before the nation with any hope of success upon this issue alone, when such questions as "Woman's Suffrage," "Labor Reform," opposition to the growing "Monopolies" of this country; threatning to control its destinies and jeopardizing the liberties of the nation were looming up in the political horizon. With all these questions agitating the people and prominently before the public mind,—how could they be so unwise as to lose the golden opportunity they had to combine all, and thus, brought the friends of each of these certain to be popular measures to, their aid?

An expression of sympathy, and an invitation to the friends of the measures alluded to, to meet in another Convention, would have certainly opened the way for a union; at least with the "woman's suffrage" party which is fast becoming a power in the land; having more papers now devoted to this object, than have the temperance party to prohibition. And further, these two subjects are intimately connected, for we shall never succeed in the work of prohibition, without the *political* as well as the moral aid of woman. We had hoped for a convention of men bold enough to give a frank and fearless expression upon these important topics, but they failed, and their action has met no hearty response from even the temperance men and women of the country; and already has the Chicago Convention, by the public, "been weighed in the balance and found wanting."

"But while hope lives,
Let not the generous die, 'Tis late before
The brave despair."

We shall "hope on, hope ever," for the distruction of this "foe to all mankind." We shall *hope* and *work* for the final overthrow of a cause productive of four-fifths of all the sufferings of humanity. But now we admit, we are unable to see in just what direction to work most effectively.

Monopoly.

In speaking of the impending dangers to the nation, growing out of the greatly increasing power of the gigantic moneyed monopolies of the country, the *Commercial Advertiser* in an article which we have copied into our Miscellaneous Department, uses the following language:

"*We hope the free and impartial press of the country will sound lustily the knell of warning until the people are stimulated to such action as will effectually relieve them from the possibility of the impending evil.*"

Every word of the above we most heartily endorse, as we do the sentiments of the entire article from which it is an extract. We have called the attention of our readers to this subject many times during the past year, and we propose to do so in the future. We have been asked if we would stop the building of Railroads, from fear of monopolies? We answer, *No*, but we would have the interests of the people protected by restricting these and all other corporate bodies, so as to prevent their becoming powerful agencies for the oppression and subjection of man, rather than his elevation, and for the real good of the people. There was great rejoicing recently over the completion of the Pacific Railway; but already the people are beginning to discover that the principal benefits are to inure to the millionaires of the country, and not to the people. The munificent grants from the government in land and other material aid, are far beyond the entire cost of the road; and justice and even self-interest in a broader sense would seem to indictate to the company to so arrange the prices for transportation of passengers and freight as to make it a real benefit to the public. But we have already learned that the rich only can avail themselves of its advantages: and the prices on freight, are almost prohibitory. This will continue until another road is completed; and even then we have no assurance that some Vanderbilt, may not step in and obtain control of both. We can look for relief only from the GOVERNMENT. Let the people rise and demand such legislation as shall effectually protect them from these oppressors. "A King by divine right," if possible, is more endurable than a moneyed aristocracy. In this connection we quote from "Divine Revelations—part 111, "A Voice to Mankind," the following expressive sentiments. We find so many words of wisdom in this work, which although written many years since, are so applicable to the *questions of the prsent*, that we shall often quote from its pages:

"The *higher* class are the *wealthy* and *powerful*—holding within their grasp the productions of those beneath them, and distributing happiness only as it is extracted from them by the unceasing calls of those who are oppressed and degraded. They are the *capitalists*; for the wealth which the poor create is accumulated by them, and held within their grasp. Wealth that rightly belongs to those who create it, is thus given to those who earned it not, and hence have no natural title to it.

The higher classes are those who rest upon the toil and labor of the mass of mankind. They are thus both enslaving and oppressing, because of their controlling dependence and yet their controlling influence, which is both unjust and destructive to the peace and happiness that otherwise would be enjoyed by the lower class of community. They are the *enlightened*; for being situated amid superior circumstances, they have the advantage of all superior attainments and superficial accomplishments existing in the world. This intelligence is the only pledge for the world's ultimate amelioration from vice, misery, and degradation. But this intelligence is at present improperly directed; and instead of illuminating the mass of mankind, it is shrouding the whole race with bigotry, superstition, and prejudice! It is making more ignorant those classes which are ignorant, and confirming them in their low and unfortunate situations. Meanwhile it is dividing the human family into sects and exclusive classes, and is also creating every species of disunity and dissatisfaction.

The *poor* and *moderate* classes are not the governing, but the governed. They are not the enslavers, but the enslaved. They are not *in themselves* the impure and unsanctified, but are *made* so by those above them. They are not the unfortunately constituted, but become weak and deformed by the burden of the responsibility universally imposed upon them.

The wealthy being the *powerful*, from them flow all arbitration, oppression, and absolute misery, that prevail in the world. It is from this class that exclusiveness and sectarianism take their rise, and flow like an ocean-tide over all the classes beneath them.

The rich, as to their *favorable situations*, are examples of what the *Race* will be, when equal wealth and equal justice pervade the social world. *Intelligence* will then be the governor and administrator of all laws and principles required by the human family. Then all may drink at the fount of Knowledge, and thirst not. But owing to the disunity that prevails in society, the wants of the lower classes are not supplied, and the desires of those in the higher classes are supplied with such a profusion, that they are unable to appreciate the blessings of life, and the natural enjoyments flowing from a well-ordered desire and its adequate gratification."

The Family of the Convict.

THE PRESENT AGE, more than a year ago, called attention to the frequent sufferings of the families of persons convicted of crimes and who were confined in prisons working for the benefit of the state. We suggested the idea of paying all of the net proceeds of the convict's labor to his family. We have never seen the subject even alluded to by any other journal, or by any person, until the present week. We clip from an exchange the following.

"T. K. Beecher believes in looking after the families of convicts. Read his forcible statement of the sufferings of the convict's family. "A husband convicted of crime is sent to State's prison. Then he is shaved, clothed, housed, fed, warmed doctored, preached to, good books given him, and extra pay for over work! His wife with two children under six years of age is left without wood, coal, food, shelter, or friends, to shirk for herself. A tinge of infamy settles on her good name. She loses caste. She girds herself for unwonted work. Her back aches. She staggers home from a day's washing, half paid, because as yet, she cannot do a full day's work. She becomes an object of charity. She is dreading the winter. Which one of these two is now bearing punishment? Which one suffers—the guilty man or the innocent woman? When the state shuts up a husband and father, the wife and mother is entitled to compensation. The law should allow her at least 50 cents a day for herself and 25 cents for each child under twelve years of age, the pension to begin at the man's arrest, and continue until he takes his place in his family again.

For the above philanthropic words we thank T. K. Beecher. Oh! for humanity sake, why cannot more of our clergy from their pulpits denounce these and other most terrible wrongs to which so many innocent and suffering ones of earth are subjected. Then indeed would the church and clergy become a practical good to the world, The Beechers and particularly Thos. K. have in a degree broke loose from some of the dogma's of the church; hence their interest in humanitarian measures; for mark it well, and as an invariable rule, that as love and zeal *for* the *Church decreases*, a true love for, and a deeper interest in all that relates to human elevation increases. We have not attended a Convention of Spiritualists during the last two years, without alluding to this subject of a needed change in prison discipline, and through these columns have advocated a change, so as to make all punishments look solely and only to the reformation of the criminal. And every consideration of the subject demands that the unfortunate convict's, yet more unfortunate family should be provided for by the state.

G. B. Stebbins.

We ask for a careful reading of the article from the pen of the above contributor, found on this page. The suggestions appeal to every thoughtful Spiritualist and friend of progress. It is after a consideration of such thoughts as these that we begin to realize something of the breadth and grandeur of the Spiritual movement. Mr. Stebbins will become a regular contributor to the columns of the AGE. We believe brother Stebbins will answer calls to lecture occasionally in this State. P. O. address, Detroit.

Troy Lyceum.

A letter from Brother Starbuck, conductor of the Childrens Progressive Lyceum, Troy New York, informs us that they have removed to the Apollo Hall, corner River and Congress street. He says, "we have a pleasant Hall, and one we can keep warm in the coldest weather. Our groups are fast filling up, and our prospects look bright."

From our Corresponding Editors.

"With silence as their benediction
God's angels come."

Such has been mine, the last two months to the readers of the PRESENT AGE. And yet some have failed to recognise them, judging as I do from the many inquiries, "Why do you not write for the AGE?" Well I know while we live in the material world we all like the tangible of life, that we may see with our eyes, hear with our ears, and comprehend all through the interior senses. I have had much of happiness since my last correspondence—and in all of life's enjoyments, not one but that has made me reach out a similar blessing to others. Not one new thought or idea,—but I've wished to send it in my correspondence to others,—yet almost invariably on taking up the AGE, find it all outwrought by some other person, and so satisfy myself in talking, while others more competent are writing.

NORTH COLLINS.

Since writing you I have visited North Collins, attended a three days meeting of the friends of Progress. Truly are the people deserving the name. Never have I had such freedom on any platform. Yes, free to express what in my soul I knew to be truth and right, the controlling intelligence, well knowing the people were sufficiently advanced to receive it.

This people have moved on from Quakerism into a Spiritual atmosphere above many so-called Spiritualists. From this point I spent one month in Buffalo—and I must say, in all my labors in the field, I've never felt I accomplished so little of good as that month. The society was divided and in a dilapidated condition, hence, the month was half gone before I could reach the people; and all know if we would benefit any society or people, we must come into sympathy with them. There are noble souls here, warm hearts, but as a body there is more cold intellectual Philosophy, than warm heartfelt devotion to truth wherever they find it. Do not here understand me to ignore intellect (as sometimes represented) but know that I fully realize the use, and necessity of our faculties, harmonizing all, uniting all, for a divine purpose, for a thorough development of all our powers, intellectual as well as moral and spiritual.

I opine however, for the people of Buffalo, a success in the future, far greater than the past. Yea, the faithful shall not lose their reward.

The month of October has been spent in East Saginaw. Two weeks of the time at the Bancroft House giving tests. And I believe good was done. The Sunday Lectures were attended by a class of minds, who drew from the controlling circle some profound thoughts, with logic in ideas, beginning a development of grander ideas of life—and a truer social system. At a late meeting of this society, measures were taken, by which a well furnished Hall was procured, and five hundred dollars was subscribed to support lecturers the present winter. Hence, the place where two years ago there was no society of Spiritualists, now are men and women of position, character and culture, whose whole interest is in this direction, such as would give cast to any society or church organization. How cheering such prospects as these, to one who like myself, behold these societies flourishing all over dear old Michigan; rising from seeming chaos, into beauty, and use, refreshed by angel showers of living inspiration, ornamenting our earth-life, blessing mortals, and fitting us in our daily growth, for purer and better lives, and with brighter anticipations in that which is to come. Such truly are the evidences that come up before me in every part of the state; proof of the work of systemization, and the circulation of the PRESENT AGE. In view of what we everywhere see, we must acknowledge great good has been done in the past two years.

And shall we say the Angels have done it all? Not so, they have aided those whom they have found willing servants, who have the general good at heart, and have worked with them, and the influence upon humanity cheers, and blesses these laborers everywhere.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor learn to wait.

The present month is engaged in Niles. Address in care of D. H. Hale, from whence you may hear from me again.

S. A. HORTON.

NILES, November, 8th, 1869.

For the Present Age.

The Propriety of "Plain Talk."

If any intelligent person was to be asked what are the appropriate and most important subjects of thought and discussion among men and women, the natural and correct reply would be, human happiness and misery, and the means of avoiding the one and securing the other. And certainly, the causes of the evils and sufferings that afflict humanity, and how to remove or prevent them, are subjects eminently worthy of constant thought and conversation.

And they are so deemed. The cry of sorrow comes up from all over the earth. The burden of the forum, the pulpit, and the press, is—woe, *woe*, WOE! And counteracting efforts are being made in every quarter. Countless millions of treasure have been spent on churches and ministers, seeking the salvation of fallen humanity. Millions more on school-houses, teachers and books, to lift men above the mire of ignorance. So it has been through centuries—and the world teems with crime and misery still. The statesman, the philosopher, and the theologian, have discussed various plans of "redemption;" but the main and primal question seems to have never entered their heads—how comes man to *need redeeming*? Are the downward and debasing tendencies of human nature—coarseness, and cruelty, and licentiousness, and multitudinous forms of depravity—the only things that come into existence causeless? Is it consistent to assume that a God of purity, and justice, and holiness and beneficence should be constantly ushering into being a race so thoroughly *not* in his ow image as to necessitate such enormous efforts on the parts of others and themselves, to raise even a small portion of them to any likeness to Him? Or has the depravity and corruption so generally manifested, some adequate cause? And if so, does not common-sense and duty dictate that we should at once endeavor to discover that "great first." But the instant we touch that question, we are met by an outcry of fierce denunciation. The self-constituted champions of decency and propriety and morality; lift their heads and voices in horror and holy indignation, at the suggestion that we begin at the *beginning*, obey the divine laws indelibly written in human nature by ushering into existence creatures possessing the highest, instead of the lowest qualities possessed by their parents, and therefore not needing so much "redeeming"—in short, make men better by making better men.

What should we say of a man who proposed to engage in the business of horticulture; who understood all about trees, how to stimulate their growth, when to prune, to what insects and diseases they were liable, and the means of protecting them; who should bestow upon the young plants, from the moment the green-leaves peeped above the surface, infinite labor directed by wonderful skill; but who should fail to raise a single specimen of fruit, for the simple and sufficient reason that where plum-stones and apple-seeds should have been planted, he had only heedlessly scattered pumpkin seeds and artichokes; thinking it did'nt make much difference what was planted—he could make it right by after culture and care?

If we would call such a man a fool, what shall we say of the majority of men and women, who are utterly reckless whether they shall give to conscious and immortal life the strongest and noblest, or the weakest and vilest elements of their natures?

A great philosopher has said, "The gate of gifts closes upon man at his birth;" and the sweeping statement is terribly near the truth. Infinitely the most important matter in connection with every human being is that which confronts him at the threshold of existence, but over which he himself can have no control—whether his parents shall have freighted his nature with aspirations and capacities tending to make him a Socrates, a Luther, a Washington, or weighed it down with propensities and degrading impulses, tending with almost irresistable power to develop him into a Nero, an Arnold or an Aaron Burr. Yet, parents uniformly ignore the sacred rights of the unborn child, and leave it utterly to accident to determine whether to that new-created soul, life shall be a thing of beauty and a joy *forever*, or a hospital for the slow and painful recovery from ante-natal draw backs—if recovery be possible. Thus the spark of yet unconscious immortality, freshly flashed from the all-creative Soul divine, is incarnated into a tenement of darkness, and mental and moral limitations, and debility and debasement and corruption, and thrust into a life that, if it have a single lingering aspiration for its own betterment, must be a constant conflict and an inner hell. Or if, in its degradation, it enter existence on so low a plane as to be incapable even of an aspiration heavenwards, does that make the case better?

If I believed in a personal devil, intent on thwarting every plan for human progress, laughing at the folly of well-meaning people whom he had deluded into the supposition that they were destroying the tree of evil, when they were only pruning it of its surplus branches for his benefit, and so managing as to make education, morality, modesty, affection and fear, all conspire to carry out his humanity degrading purpose—to prevent men and wemen from discovering, discussing, or if possible even thinking about the real origin of *all* human evils, and the proper time and place and way to commence the work of redemption—if I believed in such a personal, intelligent, omnipresent, malicious, all-cunning devil, I could understand the conduct of mankind. But as it is, I cannot, except upon a hypothesis very uncomplimentary to those who are so scandalized by "plain talk," as found in reformatory newspapers and other publications. For (be it noted) these conservators of morality manifest no indignation at just as plain talk upon these tabooed subjects in the shape of advertisements too filthy even for us to refer to, or in the reports of divorce and other criminal cases; they never find themselves outraged by it, except when uttered with the intent and avowed purpose of making the world better, by educating public sentiment against the infamous and unutterable wrongs which (to judge from their actions) they deem it perfectly proper to *commit*, but very improper—yea, outrageous and insufferable—to-expose and denounce.

But "the wayfaring man, though a fool," cannot fail to draw a very logical inference from such conduct. It is natural for all creatures to feel very sensitive and jealous with regard to everything that threatens to interfere with their most cherished "rights;" and the "right" of a brutal husband over the body and soul of his wife—especially the body—we may naturally expect to be insisted upon with a desperation almost demonical in its ferocity. Before now, in a green grassy meadow, you have seen where some large flat stone has crushed out all vegetation beneath. Let it lie, and all will be peace—and blackness, and barrenness. But lift it, and let in the light upon the soil beneath, and there will be a terrible squirming and scattering among the beetles and bugs and worms that have taken refuge there, every reptile among them protesting against the unwarrantable intrusion. Nevertheless, say I, let in the light!

Because of the ignorance and heedlessness which prevails upon this and kindred subjects I urge that they be made topics of prominent and fearless and free discussion. If the Devil, or modesty, or prevailing custom, or theological bigotry, or any other diabolical hinderance, has prevented investigation heretofore, so much the more necessity of an immediate beginning. Let them be written about, talked about, preached about, made the subject of home and school education with your children. You cannot accept that? Then you must accept the street and bar-room and boarding-school education, which will take its place with your now innocent sons and daughters, and from which they will learn just enough, from just the sources, and in just the way to win them. And by and by they will marry, with no idea of marriage except that it is a legal "indulgence" granted them to reduce themselves to a condition of physical exhaustion, mental imbecility, and moral degradation, and then accidently (should all efforts at infanticide fail) bring into the world children with these conditions and qualities for an inheritance—children who have an indefeasable claim upon their parents for the best, instead of the worst elements of their nature—children who, but for the blind and inconsiderate recklessness of momentary passion, might have been the inheritors of physical, mental and moral health, of love and purity and divine aspiration. And after having inflicted this unmeasurable curse upon posterity and society, you will demand of men and Gods incalculable expense and effort to lift and redeem and sanctify them from the curse which is the inevitable consequence of your own criminal heedlessness and lust.

In conclusion, have you space for a little story? It is of a boy who was to meet his mother at the railroad train, but did not reach it quite in time. Afterward the mother inquired of her boy: "How came you to miss the train, my son?" "Well," said he, "I suppose I didn't run hard enough." But after a few moment's thought he corrected himself; "No mother, the reason wasn't that I didn't run hard enough—but I *didn't start soon enough*.

That is the great trouble with reformers, past and present; they work hard enough, but—like the boy that missed the train—they *don't start soon enough!*"

J. L. MCCREERY.

For the Present Age.

"Reformation or Dissolution.—Which Shall it Be?"

In the Western Department of the AGE of Oct. 9, I read with much interest an article signed "L.," earnest, clear, thoughtful and sincere as his articles always are. Towards the close he says: "Reformation or dissolution is the alternative presented to the Spiritualists of to-day. * * * Which it shall be, time shall soon tell. Events following each other rapidly will soon bring to the judgment the popular Spiritualism of the day; and we fear the sentence which stern justice will be compelled to render, will be—'Thou art weighed in a balance and found wanting.'" The reasons for this conclusion may be found in the article itself, and are well worthy of thought whether the conclusion be correct or not.

Important as organizations are, the life of any—even the best, is of small moment compared to the growth of truth. They are means, not ends; and if all societies of Spiritualists should cease to-day, and the truth gain thereby, let them go, with a cheery farewell. But if they can help the truth, minister to human progress and to finer spiritual culture and a better life, let them live and grow.

We should thank "L." for his clear statement of dogmas, for it is easier to cry "peace, peace," than to tell truths greatly needed sometimes,

For twenty years the Spiritual movement has been a mighty force in the realm of thought. It has met and vanquished materialistic tendencies in millions of hearts and minds; it has set the pearly gates ajar, and brought the life that is, and the higher life that is to be, near each other as never before in human experience; it has wrought emancipation from the bondage of outward authority of creed and book, and the oppressed in spirit have gone free; it has lifted up lives dark and poor into light and warmth and spiritual opulence; it has helped many in private and public life to a royal allegiance to justice, freedom and other great ideas. Of course it has, as all things human, its follies and absurdities. Spring floods always make trouble, but the ice goes, and after the flood comes summer; let all rubbish be flung aside that our coming summer may be fairer and more beautiful.

But what of to-day and to-morrow? How can the sentence which "L." fears be reversed? Truly does he say, "a common idea and purpose must be enthroned in our minds, or we shall soon present the pitiable sight of a mass of warring cliques." There must be some broad agreement in aim and spirit, for the saying that "in the unity of spirit is the bond of peace" is deepest philosophy. I may not see with my friend in all things, but if we seek one end, we are in unity, and can reason together, differ in thought and speech as we may.

Let "the discovery and application of truth" be the aim; in the realms of spiritual life, of morals and ethics, truth as it is in the soul—as the spiritual philosophy teaches, as the best thinkers believe—not truth as sought outside of ourselves with the authority of creeds and books, partial and conflicting.

The eternity and constant action of all ideas and principles, the instant and endless sway of spiritual forces, ruling and moulding anew the earth and heavens, and all infinitesimal specks and things in infinite space, the unity of infinite design—the highest thought of inspired seers and students, the best visions of clairvoyants, the latest discoveries of most exact scientists, all help to illustrate and confirm all these. Ideas are the soul's birthright, older than all bibles and creeds, are justice, freedom and immortality revealed in the soul, and to last and grow when these transient things perish. To pay heed to these ideas and to apply them to life is wisdom. Immortality is *within us*, as a desire and consciousness, of which all spiritual facts and phenomena are but proofs, valuable and beautiful, yet only confirmations of this deeper truth. Shall the "unity of spirit" be only on this one question? If so, let all else be ruled out from meetings and societies except "manifestations" and "communications," and whatever tells or teaches of the "life beyond." But this would be only looking at one truth, and that poorly and partially, for we must glance over many truths to get perfect thought of one. This would be cultivating but one part of our being, while all need to grow in harmony. We must take in all. Justice is of the soul, we must see if it is of our life, private and public. Freedom is of the soul. Is that, too, in the life? Are you and I, are sect and party, are creed and platform true to freedom? Let us question and criticise ourselves, in the quiet of our own solitary thought. Let us test and try our life at home and abroad, our relations to sect and party by this inward monitor, telling us of the beauty of justice, freedom and other great truths within us. Let us test and sift all sects, parties, creeds, platforms or professions, all usages of society, all oppressions of race or sex or color, so common the world over; in public meetings let us put over every free platform and pulpit, let us hang out as a banner on the first trees in every grove meeting in the great West, the noble words of the human slave, Terrence, "I am a man, and nothing human is alien from me."

If party and sect proclaim and uphold a great truth, so far, *so good;* if not, so far *so bad.* Not as partizans or sectarians, but as seeking "peace on earth and good will among men," by the only road thereto—the application of truth to all human affairs, tolerant and chairitable for all honest differences of opinion or expression, faithful to the "light within," earnest for reform, and broad in range of thought, organizations and meetings will have growth and weight, and must earn, and thus command respect; and all facts of spirit presence, all thoughts of immortal life, will gain new beauty and power from the harmony of our spiritual growth and culture, and the effort to do our duty in the practical affairs and needed reforms of this life; for there is divinest truth in that word of the Testament,—"Do the works and ye shall know the doctrine, whether it be true or not."

I fully believe that this ideal of the work to be done is that of the larger part of the Spiritualists of to-day; and of a large number of free-souled and true men and women, who may not be Spiritualists in the technical sense, but who would heartily unite in such effort for a higher life. This ideal, indeed, is the practice of the most living and potent Spiritual societies and free religious associations, for it is the very breath of life and the staff of accomplishment, and without it comes narrowness, moral cowardice, dislike of reforms, and Spiritual dearth and death.

G. B. STEBBINS.

DETROIT, Oct. 1st, 1869.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. Nov. 2d, 1869.

BROTHER FOX—We took up your paper that was lent to us this morning by a friend, and reading the article headed "Sacred Books," in your issue of Oct. 30th, to our impression we considered that some mistake was made in reference to the Bible. Now that Spiritualism has established something of an influence in men's minds, is infusing its thought, unwittingly it may be, into literature and religion, we may begin to dethrone the Bible from that extravagant estimation in which it is held in the Christian world. But are we Spiritualists not a little too fast in condemning it so virulently as many do, before we have established on a more acceptable foundation our own system of belief? Certainly the present deserves every thing from the past, we are what the past has made us, and with every drawback of creeds and catechisms and confessions, the Bible is an old mediumistic record from which we can draw much instruction. Jesus of Nazareth has not yet found his equal as a simply spiritual teacher, and the Old Testament may be received charitably as the expression of spiritual influx in those periods when men were spiritually undeveloped and progress could only be enforced by ruder methods than we could pretend to accept at this day. When spiritualism gains an ascendency and supersedes all former records, we may even then let the Old Book pass for what it has done in spite of the numerous abuses that interpolators, commentators and others, have added to it. That the Bible has helped forward civilization it seems to me cannot be disputed—it seems to me that it would impugn the Most High if the Jewish and Christian writings evidently coming from a spiritual origin, had not done this for mankind. We think the time has come when the dwelling upon our own faith and its beauties and blessings, will do more for us than cudgeling others. The creeds we cannot entirely let alone, they are antagonistic to progress and light, but this sweeping denunciation of the Bible involves the struggling mediums of those early ages, that we should look upon with more favor, even though their control in regard to wars and fightings, and material agencies, were not exactly what we could commend in these days. I told a thoughtful man this day, that I believed in the spiritual doctrines, that I had examined them for a number of years, had communications through mediums that demonstrated the immortal life to me beyond any peradventure, and much also that was beautiful and instructive. He replied immediately "why there is A. B. a well known spiritualist, who tramples the Bible under his feet." Argument in such a case was up-hill work, he could not see a spiritual side to it with such extravagance in its advocates. The convert from orthodoxy in his new freedom hates the Bible, for it is the symbol of oppression to him, and we might here ask why was he an orthodox, what could lead him to be one when orthodoxy is not taught in the scriptures. The unbelievers, of whom there are many varieties, hate the Bible because, in their minds. orthodoxy is its only exponent.

Thus we have in the A B C's of Spiritualism much crude material to deal with, hence we favor with all our heart all this kind of agitation, the sluggish waters are disturbed by it, and we shall hail the day when reason and common sense get full sway, when the spiritual aspects of life are viewed in all their seriousness, when mediums put themselves under searching culture, when writers are temperate, when charity of all the graces that spiritualism possesses shall have been crowned with power, to this end let us work for and aspire to. Very truly, G. B.

We cheerfully insert the above which is something of a criticism upon our recent articles upon the Bible, and yet we regard the closing remarks as fully endorsing the apparent necessity for their agitation. Our correspondent says, "We favor with all our heart all this kind of agitation, the sluggish waters are disturbed by it, and we shall hail the day when *reason* and *common sense* get *full* sway;" to all of which we say "Amen," and to hasten that "happy day" has been our incentive to work, and called forth the article on "Sacred Books," the propriety of which our brother questions. Again, we say, it is not our wish to "dethrone the Bible," except as being "infallible, and God's only and final revelation to man." We desire that this record, like all other productions coming to us through human organisms, shall stand before the throne of reason upon its own merits.

"Such dupes are men to custom, and so prone
To reverence what is ancient, and can plead
A course of long observance for its use.
That even servitude, the worst of ills,
Because delivered down from sire to son,
Is kept and as a sacred guarded thing."

(ED. AGE.)

NEW YORK DEPARTM'T.

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For the Present Age.

MY BIRD HAS FLOWN.

The sky is bright and glad to-day,
The birds are singing gaily ;
The hay is newly mown ;
Glad voiced children are at play,
But my heart is sad and lonely,
For my sweet bird has flown.

The flowers arrayed in colors bright,
Seem happy in display.
Some little ones half grown
Are pushing toward the light;
But this sad heart cannot be gay,
For my sweet bird has flown.

The laughing waters rush along,
So joyously and free,
How musical their tone ;
How happy is their merry song ;
But heart of mine is sad, ah me!
For my sweet bird has flown.

No sky so bright as his glad face,
No bird e'er sang so cheery,
Sweeter than rose of even ;
Only joy in every place,
A light, a song, a blessed hope,
A foretaste he of heaven.

Oh, has he flown to yonder sky,
Or to some joyous sphere
To dwell in realms apart?
Methinks I hear a sweet reply,—
"Your precious birdlings ever near,"
Be glad again, sad heart.

S. N. W.

Foreign Editorial Correspondence.

STEAMER CITY OF PARIS, At Sea, }
Thursday, Oct 7th, 1869. }

DEAR AGE.—I write you to day from Mid Atlantic. So much has been said and written concerning Sea voyages, that it would seem imposible to make mention of any save in the most stereotyped of phrases. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose that I can say anything new or origional upon the subject and therefore shall touch upon it very lightly. Were it not that I know very many kind hearts are following me on this voyage in pursuit of health, with true, earnest sympathy, to where the earliest words will be of interest, I should spare you this infliction until my feet once more press the firm earth.

THE DEPARTURE.

On Saturday, the Second day of October, I took passage on the City of Paris, Inman line of Mail Steamers to Liverpool *en route* to Paris via London. The advertised hour for sailing was one o'clock, but we had to wait for the mails until quarter past two. How very long seemed the time after the farewells were made with the beloved friends who accompanied me on board, till we were off. At length the great wagon bearing Uncle Sam's name as proprietor, came dashing down to the pier, heavily laden with huge mail bags, which were tumbled out and tossed on board as expeditiously as possible. Then a bell was heard to ring quickly and sharply ; this was the signal for the last loiterers to spring ashore, as well as for departure—and we were off. Soon the beautiful blue hills of Navesink, and the Long Island shores were fading away behind us in the dim distance. At Sandy Hook, the last-link was broken that bound us to New York by the departure of the pilot and we took the first heaving swell of the mighty Ocean upon whose restless bosom we were to be cradled for the next ten days.

At four o'clock dinner was served, and such a dinner! it could not have been excelled at the Fifth Avenue or the Astor House. The passengers were all able to do ample justice to this meal and in that way paid hearty tribute to the excellence of the *cuisine*. But who could answer for the next meal? Ah, there was many a vacant seat at breakfast on Sunday morning.

The Mal de Mer.

The beauty of sea-sickness cannot be expressed in words ; it is a thing that must be experienced in order to be fully appreciated. I had fondly hoped that a fearful experience of it for fourteen days when crossing the Atlantic some years since on a sailing vessel would exempt me from it during this trip ; but ah, vain presumptuous hope! I had not been at Sea twelve hours before Neptune laid his trident upon me and called me to a very serious account for venturing again upon his domain. It is said that misery likes company ; but I derived very little comfort or satisfaction from the knowledge that many of my fellow passengers were equally busy casting up their accounts with the monarch of the deep.

There are two forms of disease that afflict mortals in which they get no sympathy whatever, and those are Fever and Ague, and Sea-sickness. A man may shake his eye teeth out in an ague fit and be cooly informed that it is nothing but a chill ; and the most exasperating thing in the world to a poor sea-sick wretch, who is striving his best to turn himself inside out, and who feels just then that it would be a blessed boon to be thrown to the fishes, is to be told by some one who is fortunate enough to be exempt from this most humiliating malady, that nobody ever dies of sea-sickness, and he will feel a great deal better when it is over.

However, with most of us this experience was a very brief one ; in two days we were able to enter into all the pleasures of the voyage, and enjoy fully the generous provisions made by the Inman Co. for our comfort. A word here in praise of our good Ship. She is a Clyde-built iron Steamship, one of the fastest on the Ocean ; her officers are courteous and gentlemanly, her stewards kind and obliging and one certainly can cross the Atlantic by this line with as much ease and comfort as can be found on any other.

OUR *Compagons de Voyage.*

We have only about Eighty First Cabin passengers, all pleasant, genial people disposed to do all in their power socially to make the hours, necessarily tedious, pass as pleasantly as possible. They comprise representatives from various quarters of the world. England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, France, several of the States and California, and without an exception, are persons of good breeding, and in many instances of marked culture and refinement. Now and then a national prejudice creeps out, but not too offensively. I was very much amused by the comments of a young Englishman who had been making his first tour in the States, "Oh! said he, "you Americans have a word that I detest, and that is *Sharpness*. We in England would put a man in jail for doing what in America is called Sharpness, and related as a good joke." It seemed that he had combined business with sight-seeing on his tour, and while in New York, had purchased a quantity of hops for which he paid $3 000. delivered in Liverpool which of course was to include insurance and freight. But at the last moment, he was compelled to pay an additional sum for the last two items, or leave his merchandize behind him. His comments on our American women were very amusing if not altogether as complimentary as they might have been. "Your American women too. What a set! Bold, impudent, forward. Our English women are modest, tame, retiring ; they know their place, and keep it ; but your American women! why they think themselves just as good as the men! Even the servant girls wont black your boots, and some of the women set themselves up as doctors. Bah! was there ever anything so disgusting."

A FINE MORNING AT SEA.

Perhaps there is nothing in nature more exhilerating than a clear, sunny morning on the broad Atlantic. The water is as blue as the blue dome that overarches it, broken here and there by the white, crested waves that tumble merrily after each other, flashing in the sunlight, and throwing out white arms as if in loving dalliance with the breeze that surges them on. Now and then a ship under full sail passes in the distance with graceful motion, as if courtseying good morning to us, or a steamer with its long line of black smoke, exchanges signals with us. Anon a school of porpoises comes tumbling about the bows, leaping above the water as if in mad sport. Not unfrequently a whale may be seen spouting in the distance. But the novelty of all this soon wears off, and is followed by the monotony and tedium inseperable from the most favorable passage ever made.

LAND, HO!

None but those who have experienced it can tell what a delight this cry is, as it rings cheerily out from the man on the look-out, and falls upon the ear of the impatient voyager. We made land on the ninth day of the passage, if the Shellig and Fastnet rocks that rise abruptly from the water on the Irish coast can be called land. They are bold, ragged rocks, that rise steep and high, their summits crowned with light-houses. The latter rock is about seven miles from Cape Clear. Soon the Emerald Isle was in sight, and as I looked upon its picturesque coast, the surf breaking in white foam against every projecting point ; its green fields, its hills crowned with little, round towers, I could understand for a moment by the emotion that thrilled within my own breast something of the feeling that every Irishman cherishes toward Green Erin, for after a long sea voyage the eye rests most gratefully upon it, and even the heart of a foreigner goes out to it with tenderness. Presently a high point of land running boldly out into the sea came into view, its precipitous brow crowned with a light house tower. This is the Old Head of Kinsale, suggesting historical reminiscencies of the powerful old Baron of Kinsale who took off his hat to no earthly potentate. A little longer run, and were off Queenstown in the cove of Cork, and a tender came out to take the passengers ashore who were bound for Ireland, and also the mail that had been made up on ship-board for the return steamer to America. The next morning at eight o'clock we were off the bar at the entrance of the harbor of Liverpool, where we had to wait till one o'clock P. M. for sufficient water to cross it. At four o'clock we landed in the City and our voyage over was inside of ten days. The passage was a remarkably fine one for the season ; we encountered no rough weather till we were off the Irish Coast, and there we took the tail end of a gale that gave us one rather rough night, and unsettled again for a brief time some of the sensitive stomachs.

HE MAKETH HIS ANGELS MINISTERING SPIRITS.

One more incident of the voyage and I close this rambling epistle. One night lying in my berth unable to sleep and feeling especially lonely, and sad as I thought of the dear ones from whom I had been so suddenly severed, rap, rap, rap came the blessed sounds that announced the presence there in my little Cabin in the midst of that vast wilderness of water, of other dearly loved ones from the beautiful land that lies beyond that other swelling tide we all must sometime cross ; and as I softly whispered one beloved name after another, and clear and emphatic came the response indicating their presence, and lightly and caressingly and oh! so soothingly, one dear spirit hand after another was laid upon my weary, restless brow, I blessed God over and over again for a knowledge of the divinest revelation ever vouchsafed to mortals, and felt as I closed my eyes to sleep that I could count as joy all that I had endured in its behalf.

Let me here say that my letters, owing to the state of my health, must of necessity be written with as little effort as possible. I shall make no attempt at saying smart or original things, even were it possible for me to; but I shall write familiarly and simply, as if penning a friendly epistle to a personal friend. Trusting they may not prove entirely void of interest, I remain fraternally yours,

F. L. H. W.

Mr. Thorntons Diary.

JAN. 15th.—I have fulfilled my vow, and now stand enlightened more than ever before in my life. Mrs. Thornton and Aunt Ruth have been intending to make a visit of two days among the hills, and I positively refused to go. Helen looked a little sad as if I was quite a different person from what she expected, but I would not enlighten her as to my project. I tried, after she had gone, to understand why I would not, and I believe it was nothing better than cowardice. The truth is we men are afraid to be just, and I was afraid to let two women know that I was seeking to be just.

I would not let Aunt Ruth make any preparation for my sojourn alone. But on looking into the pantry after she left, I found bread and pies in abundance. I confess to a thrill of delight, as I found I could live two days and not have to make bread, though I had a feeling of dissatisfaction also, in remembering that I should not wholly fulfil the contract with myself.

The first meal was dinner, for I had started Helen and Aunt Ruth off in the early train, but it was nine o'clock when I was in the house again. I resolved to have a dinner in every way equal to Aunt Ruth's, So I reckoned over my dishes, beef steak, potatoes, parsnips, canned tomatoes. I immediately set about bringing them together. This took me some time, and I had forgotten my fire, I rekindled that and in doing so scattered loose chips about the floor, I remembered Aunt Ruth and brushed them all up, but in doing so I was surprised to find how my back felt the strain of stooping over with dust pan and broom. The fire crackling I put on the pot, and looked at the clock. It was yet hardly time to think of dinner, but so eager was I to test my virtue that I pealed my potatoes, meanwhile the dining room fire was low, I replenished it, and began to set the table. How many things were required! I never conceived it. I counted thirty different pieces to make my table complete, for I furnished it for three persons. I was so abashed in this marvel that I was only roused by hearing my pot boiling over. I tried my potatoes, they were half done. So I resolved to forego my canned tomatoes since I had to open the can, and I hurried for my steak. Oh my brains, my fingers, my eyes! I was burned half to death. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, but I was on fire. Can it be possible that women have to go through this process every time a steak is served for us? Besides my steak was not well cooked, and the grease was over half the stove. I took up my potatoes which were water soaked, and set my dinner on the table. I had forgotten bread and pickles. At last my dinner was in readiness but I was so heated I had no relish for it, but I went through the ceremony of eating, and felt as if the great trial of my virtue was passed. But never was I more deceived. The dish washing! What words can describe it? To wash a gridiron even, requires more moral courage than it would require to go out in a bitter snow storm to visit a sick parishioner. And then my greasy stove! and my sink! It took me until two o'clock to finish up matters to my satisfaction, and I was so weary that I had to lie down on the couch. Is it possible, you, dear women, that you have to be such drudges day after day ; your kitchens! alas they are your prisons. Your pots and kettles, they are your chains of slavery.

Is it a wonder that women do not rise intellectually up to the standard of men? It is a wonder they rise as they do. They must have heroic souls to come out of such fires unscathed. When I contemplate from my present experience, a washing day I am confounded. I can understand now why men do not bend themselves to the task of inventing labor saving machines for domestic use, they know nothing of the labor. And yet I concecive after all, that such machines would not do away with the mischief. House work wants to be done on scientific principles. I want to take Aunt Ruth's kitchen into a great central co-operative kitchen, where work could be so managed that it would almost do itself.

But one thing I see clearly, it is a sin for Aunt Ruth, who is capable of so much noble work, to chain herself to a kitchen. There are minds on the level of such work, whose thoughts aspire only to the sensuous. I know there are minds that revolve about kitchen, wash-tubs and brooms. Strive as we might, we could only lift them to an appreciation of a good dress and an afternoon out. I am resolved that no intelligent aspiring woman of my acquaintance, shall settle herself into the slavery of the kitchen if I can prevent it. I write down my protest against the chains of iron welded into the shape of pots and kettles. Who shall be the Garrison to raise his voice against this servitude? Talk of woman's elevation, can it come through the ballot alone, no more than the ditchers, or miners. We must give every soul a chance to grow. We must give woman an opportunity to labor as her instinct teach her. The poor argument that womans sphere is at home is forever set aside by my experience. Her sphere is certainly not in the kitchen, for I know Aunt Ruth is capable of greater things, it is not in the parlor, for I know what Helen can do. Think of the executive power Aunt Ruth displays every day, and the moral strength she shows in her patience and calmness. She could with less strain carry on some great branch of industry. She could superintend a factory with less loss of nervous force.

It is a marvel to me how women rise so grandly above their narrow sphere of action. Their condition no doubt, develops their virtues of patience and submission, but they can have only a one sided development. The sphere of action for each individual should be such as to call out continually higher qualities of head and heart. Now I know that every woman who has to spend her greatest force in the kitchen, must continually keep in check the noblest part of her being, for it is impossible to throw off the vital power, as is necessary in the toilsome work of cooking, and afterwards spend it in intellectual effort, and not enfeeble the constitution.

And yet, if women cannot work as they would, some work is better than idleness, as I suppose I should be better for an hours ditching than in doing nothing.

I am in a hurry to have Aunt Ruth and Helen come home, that I may give them the result of my experience. I will tell them how I estimate their patience, their moral courage, and their fulfilment of duty, but I will also reproach their submission. Why do not women take their case into their own hands? They should not sit down and submit to the present order of things. They must come up *en masse* into the condition awaiting for them. But yet, as I write I remember how hard it is for them in chains to stand up free. Woman is in bondage to a condition that is not fitted for her. Society imposes its edicts upon her. She stands helpless in her bondage, I know it, for I feel it. I am thankful that I have fastened for a few hours the chains about my neck.

A Vision.

One day as the lowering clouds settled over the castle, boding a cold storm, a shivering sense of desolation came over my spirit. Life seemed "one dark and cloudy day." The whole universe seemed a fact separate from the indwelling spirit of joy and gladness that the sun typifies.

In this condition the spirit longs for light, for love for a recognition of divine things, as the child longs for food and for warmth. Desire is ever the father of prayer. We asked to see, to know, to feel that in all the discipline of life, there was a leading hand or directing power.

The outer senses of the soul closed themselves, objects became of no value, for the senses recognized them not. A dim mist settled over all earthly things, and the soul stood freed from physical emotions.

But as the light of external things faded, a new light broke upon the spirit. A new world emerged from the shadows. The dimness became light, the shadows full of color. The ears too that had been closed to all earthly sounds, and refused to hear the rattle of carriage and the din of household work, were opened to new vibrations. The air was full of sweet harmonies, and words seemed uttered by the ear that travelled through immeasurable space, through distances unimaginable came flashes of light that gave utterances. As the electric spark travels, so travelled these thoughts, and the mind was able to recognize their coming.

But I was not satisfied with this. Could not imagination form currents and deliver messages? I asked for more—I brushed away all memories, and waited. I cleared my mind of all thought and listened. I distinctly heard the word Look : And I saw before me a form of divine beauty and power. It embodied strength and love. It seemed to hold itself to a form by my side, and yet to exist afar off. In my spirit I said, "Tell me something : tell me of life—of my life." Softer than the tones of a mother's voice, I heard "The infinite workings of divine law cannot be comprehended by our mind, and yet each mind is the centre of all law, and embodies all laws. Each human mind holds within itself the combined influence of all physical and spiritual laws, It is an effect, a result of every conceivable operation of law.

Every human being stands related to God, or infinite spirit, and to matter. Each human being is an effect of laws, and is the result of causes. From the smallest germ of life the soul expands into an organized power, denominated man, but that expansion is by direct and unchanging law."

I looked before me and saw an immense field, on which the sun shone with undimmed rays, and rain and dew fell, and I saw a man planting seed. There were all sizes to the seed, some were round and full of germs, others seemed shrivelled. I saw myself as a middle sized germ planted with care and in good strong soil, but next to me was a little dwarfed seed planted in the crevice of a rock. The sun shone on us both, my fibers struck down to the good soil, and I shot up to the overbending sky. The little dwarfed seed was uncovered, knocked about, had scarcely taken root before it was overturned, at last it sent out a few small feeble roots and stinted leaves. I was digged about, trained, pruned, some beautiful branches were lopped off, some tender buds crushed, yet, I grew into form, and nature made amends by sending out new shoots and other buds.

The dwarfed plant beside me bent its bruised branches it fell to the ground, it sent out a shoot only to have it twisted and torn, it was a little feeble expression of life at best, the passer by kicked his foot against it and trampled on it, it dragged on the ground and its leaves were covered with dust.

The gardener walking through the field, looked at the little abused plant, and said : "grow a little longer till you suck up some more of the soils virtue, and then I will transplant you, and you shall send out a new fresh growth."

Then I became troubled, I wanted the new soil. I was dissatisfied with the soil in which I grew. I would follow the little plant to a more genial climate or to a better land. The gardener touched my leaves and said : "It is only when the soil refuses to nourish you that you can by right wish for a change. Here is the same sun that shines on the other garden, here is the same dew, the same descending rain. If you get not nourishment here, neither can you there. What you want is to grow, you want to take the life of the sun, God's universal love, the air his universal spirit power, the dew and rain, his return of earthly trials in heavenly grace. You want the strength of the soil which is material force or physical strength. Through all these influences grows the entire plant. It grows strong healthy, putting out roots that are its limbs to the earth, and leaves and blossoms of mind and heart that are its expression of spiritual perfection."

The scene faded, and I saw in letters of golden light on the wall beside me these words, "Life is for growth. Experience is your teacher. Growth is the same here as elsewhere. Be satisfied to grow in the soil in which you are planted, for that is your garden prepared and fitted for you."

Pebbles.

The Christmas edition of "Gates Ajar" is to be illustrated by twelve full-page woodcuts, which have been finished by Miss Jessie Curtis.

The spectrum of the aurora borealis, as usually seen, consists of a single yellowish green line, which belongs to no substance with which we are acquainted.

There is to be a grand hunt through Africa for Dr. Livingston by a hundred well-armed men.

Dumas has invented a soup of onions and cream which he says cures headache.

Parton is reported at work on a biography of Theodore Parker.

One night last week nearly three hundred people obtained shelter in the station houses of New York City.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTM'T

Mrs. E. L. WATSON, - - Editor.

All communications for this Department should be addressed to the Editor, at Titusville, Pa.

LET EVERY CHILD FIRST LEARN OBEDIENCE TO THE LAW OF KINDNESS, AND EASY WILL BECOME THE AFTER DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.

LITTLE FINGERS.

Busy little fingers
Every where they go ;
Rosy little fingers,
The sweetest that I know.

Now into my workbox,
All the buttons finding,
Tangling up the knitting,
Every spool unwinding!

Now into the basket
Where the keys are hidden,
So mischievous looking
Knowing it forbidden.

Then in mother's tresses,
Now her neck enfolding,
With such sweet caresses,
Keeping off a scolding.

Darling little fingers,
Never, never still,
Make them, heavenly Father,
One day do Thy will.

Susie's Sunday School.

"Where do you go to Sunday School Susie?" asked Carrie Sill of her new play mate.

"Sunday School? I don't go any where to Sunday School," answered Susie.

"Don't go any where to Sunday School! why, what a wicked girl you are! don't your papa and mamma want you to go to Sunday School?

A hot blush stole into Susie's cheeks and a great lump suddenly grew in her throat as she answered timidly, I don't suppose they do, for they never say any thing at all about it to me." Carrie looked at Susie in perfect astonishment and said, "Why Susie Lee! I thought your people were *christians* but they must be *infidels*, and I don't believe I can go there any more! Oh, see that horrid little thing coming up the street! did you ever see such a fright with that old woman's bonnet on her head, and two kinds of shoes on her feet! and Carrie laughed in derison at the pitiful object.

"Don't laugh, Carrie dear," said Susie, "see she is looking at us and it will hurt her ; Why, it is Biddy Mc'Carthy and she is going to see mamma, I do believe!" "How do you do Biddy?" and Susie took the little fright by the hand and asked smilingly "are you going to see mamma, Biddy ?"

"Yes, Miss, an sure I is if I can find her, for she's the blissed woman what promised mither a basket of goodies for the childer ; but indade Miss, I b'lave I've lost me way."

"Lost your way? well, then you may come with me and I will show you the way to mamma."

"What, are you going back with that dirty little brat instead of going to the tea-party with me? " asked Carrie indignantly.

"Why, you see Carrie, she has lost her way, and only think of those poor children waiting in the cold miserable room for their supper, which Biddy is to bring them ; and beside, I am in no hurry to go to the party ; indeed, I think I will not go at all, unless mamma says I *must*."

"Oh, very well, if you choose such company rather than mine, you are welcome to it; for my part I have no sympathy for the dirty, deceitful beggars!" and tossing her haughty head, Miss Carrie strutted away.

Susie led little, bright-eyed Biddy back to her own sweet, unpretentious home, where she found her mamma very busily engaged mending up a little dress that looked like one she used to wear.

"Back again Susie? why, who have you here, and how is it that you are not at the party?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Well, mamma, I met Biddy who was coming to see you and she had lost her way, so I thought I would come back with her," answered Susie.

"Biddy Mc'Carthy? so it is! surely Biddy I did not know you, you are so dressed up! really your big bonnet is nice and warm and is better than half a dozen fashionable one's." said dear, good-natured Mrs. Lee, while she added the little bright dress to the already well-filled basket which stood waiting in the corner. "Here Biddy, eat this bread and meat before you go out into the cold again, and then if you think you can find the way you had better hurry home." And you may be sure Biddy eagerly obeyed, said "Thank'ee marm" a thousand times and went home with a heavy basket, but a light heart.

"What is the matter, Susie darling?" asked Mrs. Lee, turning from the door where she had watched Biddy until she turned the street-corner, ? "are you sick my child, that you did not go to the party?" Susie threw her arms around her mamma's neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, mamma, mamma! "sobbed Susia, "Carrie Sill says I am a wicked girl, and that you and papa are *infidels*!"

"What have you done, my darling, that Carrie should call you a wicked girl?

"Why, mamma I have'nt been to Sunday School, and all the lttle girls go, and think it a sin not to!" and Susia cried as though her heart would break.

"My dear Susie, why did you not tell Carrie that you had a Sunday School at home? do I not read to you and hear you read and recite sweet lessons of charity and love? do we not talk and sing together, to prepare us for the duties of the coming week?"

"Yes, mamma, but is it the same as going to a *real* Sunday School?" asked Susie doubtingly.

"The difference is this, my darling; now papa and mamma are your teachers instead of strangers, and you do not spend the best part of the day in *getting ready* to go to the church," answered Mrs. Lee.

"But, mamma, they say I am so *odd* and that you and papa are *infidels*."

"What is infidelity, Susie?"

"It is—it is—well, mamma I don't just know, but is'nt it something very bad?"

"My dear it is simply disbelief in anothers religious doctrine, and Carrie is as much of an infidel as you are!"

"Is that all mamma?" asked Susie? seeming much relieved, "I thought infidels were not *Christians*!"

"And who are Christians Susie?"

"Oh, those who go to church and read the Bible and, and—

Susie broke down here and Mrs. Lee said.

"No, dear ; but those who *love the truth* better than fine clothes, or words of self-praise, or much gold ; those who pity and provide for the sick and poor ; those who believe in a God of universal love and seek to do His will!"

"But mamma, Mary Minor said the other day that God got very angry sometimes and had made a hot Hell to burn bad folks in forever! I don't see how that can be if He is our heavenly Father, full of love and goodness!"

"Well, dear, God has so made us that we must suffer when we do wrong, but it is *for our good* ; for if we did not suffer when we done wrong we would not strive to do right, and so never would know the highest happiness."

"And is'nt there a Hell at all mamma?

"Susie dear, how do you feel when you do wrong?"

"Oh, dear! I feel awful bad ; my stomach all falls in, and my heart burns so that it seems as though I should choke!" answered little Susie, with a look of pain on her face.

"Well, darling, then you are in a real Hell! but how do you feel when you have done right?"

"Why mamma, you remember the nice dinner you put up in my little basket the other day for me to take to school? well, when noon came I was oh, *so* hungry ; I could hardly wait a minute, and I took my basket out in the shade of the fence where I often go to eat my dinner, and just as I took off the white covers, two little boys came along, pressed their dirty faces close to the fence and looked at the basket of nice things and then at me as though they would like to eat us both. At first I thought I could'nt spare a bit ; but I could'nt help looking that way and before I had tasted a morsel I took my basket and held it out to them and said, "Little boys, you may have it all, if you are so hungry," and oh, mamma, you ought to have seen them eat! in two minutes I had lost my dinner?"

"Oh, jolly jim "said the dirtiest one smacking his lips, "was'nt it good?" "Yes Billy, don't you wish Bob could have had a taste?" and the ragged fellows looked so thankful and happy I almost cried for joy?"

"What, cried for joy because you lost your dinner!" said Susie's papa coming up behind her just as she finished her story. "No papa, not because I lost my dinner, but because, because—

"Because you had made a little self-sacrifice, my darling, and found the way to Heaven," finished Mrs. Lee, with a glowing face; "and may my little daughter never lose the golden key which she found that day, and which unlocks the innermost chambers of Happiness!"

Michigan Association of Spiritualists—Annual Convention.

The following are the provisions of the constitution as to membership and Annual Conventions :

ARTICLE 3.—Membership.—The membership shall consist of all persons who sign their names to this Constitution, or cause it to be done ; and also of such representatives as may be appointed annually from the local Societies and County Circles of the State, said representatives to be three from each local Society of fifty members or less, and as many from each County Circle as the County has members in the State Legislature (House of Representatives.

In the discussion of all questions any member has a right to speak, but no one shall vote except the regularly elected representatives of local Societies and County Circles.

ART 7.—Annual Convention.—The annual Convention of the Association shall be held commencing the second Friday of December, and the semi-annual Convention the second Friday of June, in each and every year, at such places as the Trustees may appoint.

In accordance with above the board of Trustees have selected Battle Creek as the place for the holding of the Fourth Annual Convention, which will assemble on Friday December 10th, at 2-oclock, P. M. continuing over Saturday and Sunday. Societies and County Circles, will please send representatives as provided in article *Three*. We hope to see not only all the Societies represented, but also a large attendance of spiritualists, who are as will be seen by above entitled to membership and a voice in the deliberations of the convention. The Spiritualists of Battle Creek have invited the Spiritualists of the State to meet with them, and feel confident of their ability to entertain all.

All the speakers of the State are earnestly requested to attend. J. S. Loveland, A. B. French, A. B. Whiting, Prof E. Whipple, Mrs. Dr. Slade, and Mrs. S. A. Horton, have already signified their intention to be present. Others will please notify us that we may add their names to the above list.

DORUS M. FOX, *Prest.*
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We want good reliable agents in every part of the country. By employing your spare time to form clubs and sending us orders, you can obtain the most liberal commissions, either in Cash or Merchandise, and all goods sent by us will be as represented, and we guarantee satisfaction to every one dealing with our house.

Agents should collect ten cents from each customer and forward to us in advance, for Descriptive Checks of the goods we sell.

The holders of the Checks have the privilege of either purchasing the article thereon described, or exchanging for any article mentioned on their Catalogue, numbering over 350 different articles,—not one of which can be purchased in the usual way for the same money.

The advantages of first sending for checks are these : We are constantly buying small lots of very valuable goods, which are not on our catalogues, and for which we issue checks till all are sold ; besides, in every large club we will put checks for Watches, Quilts, Blankets, Dress Patterns, or some other article of value, *giving some members of the club an opportunity of purchasing an article for about one quarter of its value.*

In every order amounting to over $50, accompanied by the cash, the Agent may retain $2.00, and in every order of over $100, $5.00 may be retained to

PAY THE EXPRESS CHARGES.

This offer is more especially to assist Agents in the Western and Southern States, but is open to all customers.

COMMISSIONS :

Agents will be paid ten per cent. in Cash or Merchandise, when they FILL UP THEIR ENTIRE CLUB, for which below we give a partial list of Commissions :

For an order of $30, from a Club of Th

MISCELLANEOUS DEP'T.

LABOR.

Toil swings the ax and forests bow;
The seeds break out in radiant bloom;
Rich harvests smile behind the plow,
And cities cluster round the loom.
Where towering domes and tapering spires
Adorn the vale and crown the hill,—
Stout labor lights his beacon fires
And plumes with smoke the forge and mill.

The monarch oak, the woodland's pride,
Whose trunk is seamed with lightning scars,
Toil launches on the restless tide
And there unrolls the flag of stars;—
The engine, with its lungs of flame,
And ribs of brass and joints of steel,
From labor's plastic fingers came;—
With sobbing valve and whirling wheel.

Here sun-browned toil with shining spade
Links lake to lake with silver ties,—
Strung thick with palaces of trade
And temples towering to the skies.
'Tis labor works the magic press
And turns the crank in hives of toil,
And beckons angels down to bless
Industrious hands on sea and soil.

Mother Bickerdyke.

Among the friends of our soldiers in the late war, none made herself more useful or more beloved than Mrs. Mary Ann Bickerdyke, better known to soldiers and the country at large by the name of "Mother Bickerdyke." She is a widow woman of humble origin and an education more useful than ornamental, plain in manners, ready of speech, and equally ready with hand and heart to do what humanity and love of country require. When the war began, she was housekeeper in a family at Cleveland, but she soon entered the service as a volunteer nurse among the sick and wounded soldiers of the Western armies, where she earned her title by her devotion to "the boys." She seems to have gone into the South with Grant, for she was at the capture of Fort Donelson and the battle of Shiloh. Afterward, under Sherman, she had charge of the celebrated Gayoso hospital at Memphis. where she found things much as Miss Alcott describes them in her "Hurlyburly hospital" at Washington, and left them in good condition, after a long service as matron. It was while here that she procured the discharge of a surgeon who had neglected his patients, badly wounded, while he was on a drunken spree; and when he to went Gen. Sherman, afterward, to get reinstated, was asked who got him discharged. After some hesitation, the fellow said, "Why, I suppose it was that woman, that Mrs. Bickerdyke." "Oh, well," said Sherman, "if it was Mother Bickerdyke, I can do nothing for you; she ranks me!" She was a great favorite both with Grant and Sherman, and seldom failed to get what she wanted from headquarters, if there was any trouble about her "boys." Mrs. Livermore says of her:—

"Gen. Sherman is the beau ideal of Mother Bickerdyke's great man and great soldier. She would always defend Gen. Grant like a tigress; but it was clear to every one that Gen. Sherman was the especial object of her idoltary. And, to-day, I really think that she would give her life for Sherman, if the sacrifice were necessary—that she would count it a small thing to die for him. She rates him higher than Grant, higher than President Lincoln, and altogether superior as a soldier, to Gen. Washington; and woe to the luckless wight, who would dare lower her idol to his proper place on the pedestal! Gen. Sherman, on his side, fully appreciates Mother Bickerdyke, and when he was curt and repellant to all agents and nurses, and employes of the Sanitary and Christain and State commissions, she had the entree to his head quarters, and the grauting of any favors she chose to ask. There is something in her character akin to his own—both are restless, impetuous fiery, hardworking and indomitable. After the fall of Vicksburg, he asked that Mother Bickerdyke might become an especial attache of his crops—the Fifteenth. Ever after, during the war, she considered herself, in an especial sense, under Sherman's direction; and the soldiers of the Fifteenth corps always, and to this day, claim exclusive ownership of her.

"On one of her brief furloughs, she was once in Chicago, and made several visits to the families of soldiers whom she had left in the hospital, carrying aid and comfort with her. She found one of these families at this time in great distress from poverty. The husband and father had been in positions that had kept him for ten months out of the reach of the paymaster, and the family were in great need of the money which he had failed to receive. They were owing six months' house-rent, and the landlord, a penurious, hard man had served a writ of ejectment upon them, and was preparing to put them summarily into the street. Mother Bickerdyke paid him a visit at his office, and sought to turn him from his purpose, with all the peculiar eloquence of which she was mistress. He could not be moved, but scorned her, and ordered her from his premises. She rose to go, and taking a Bible from the shelf, which had probably never been used except to give legality to oaths; she opened to the sixteenth of Luke, and straightening to her full height and putting on her terrible face, before an audience of a dozen or more, read these words: "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried; and in *hell*—IN HELL—IN HELL"—increasing the terrible emphasis each time—"he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." "You see what you're coming to, sir," she added, "the time may not be far off. May God have mercy on you! Good-bye!" Then the resolute woman sought another home for the soldier's family, and rested not in her humane work until she had raised the money to pay the rent for six months in advance."

She continued in the employ of the Sanitary Commission and in other kinds of work for the soldiers till the war closed, and was unsurpassed in what she did. Since the war she has been laboring for the freedmen, for prisoners, the intemperate, and all the unfortunates who need sympathy and effort in their behalf. For the last three weeks she has been in New England, chiefly in Boston, where she has made the acquaintance of the best people, and has sent on foot several good enterprises. She is now working for Mr. Charles Stearns's project of giving the freedmen of Georgia homes, and for this purpose will address a meeting in Boston within a few days. She has spoken at several meetings with very good effect, but her "interviews" with people are said to call forth most her magnetic power over men's hearts. She called on Gov. Claflin a few days ago to ask of him a letter to Gen. Burnside, and his excellency became deeply interested in what she had to say of the matters she takes to heart. We wish she might come to Springfield and inspire our people with the great-hearted generosity with which she undertakes any work she believes to be hers. Such a woman is the best argument for woman suffrage, and when Gail Hamilton expressed a wish that she might see her critic, Dr. Todd, sidling up to Mother Bickerdyke, with his impertinent advice about what a woman ought and ought not to do, she called up a very ludicrous picture. What Rev. Mr. Fulton would say to her, we don't know. She certainly is one "woman as God made her," and yet we dare say Mr. F——never dreamed of such when he wrote his little sermons. As a specimen of her sermons, Mrs. Livermore has this account of one she gave at Milwaukee:—

She had rendered great service to almost all the Wisconsin regiments in the Western army, and the people of Milwaukee, who were just then holiding a fair for the relief of wounded and sick soldiers, would not be denied the pleasure of a visit from her. I was obliged to accompany her, for she refused to go anywhere to be lionized, unless some one was with her to keep her in countenance. She was overwhelmed with attentions. The Milwaukee chamber of commerce, which had made an apropriation of $1,200 a month, for the relief of wounded soldiers, to be continued to the end of the war, invited her to their hall to receive from them a formal expression of gratitude for what she had done for Wisconsin soldiers. A number of ladies accompanied her "on change," for otherwise she would not have gone. A very handsome address was made her, by the president of of the chamber, in behalf of the State of Wisconsin, and she was eloquently commended, and heartily thanked, for her patriotic labors, and informed of the recent appropriation of the board. Then a reply was evidently expected of her, which I feared she would decline to make Instead of this, she answered briefly, simply, and with great power. "I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen, for the kind things you've said I haven't done much; no more then I ought. Neither have you. I'm glad you're going to give $1,200 a month for the poor fellows in the hospital, but it's no more then you ought to do, and it isn't half as much as the soldiers in the hospitals have given for you. Suppose, gentlemen, you'd got to give to-night $1,000 or your right leg—would it take you long to decide which to give? $2,000 or your right arm? $1,000 or your right eye? All you've got, or your life? And yet I, ve got eighteen hundred boys in my hospital, at Chattanooga, who have given, some, one arm and one leg, and some have given both, and yet they haven't thought they've done a great deal for their country. And the grave-yard about the hospital, and the battle-field a little farther off, contains the bodies of thousands who have freely given their lives to save you, and your homes, and your country, from ruin. Oh, gentlemen! don't let us be telling of what we have given and what we have done! We have done nothing, and given nothing, in comparison with them! And it is our duty to keep on giving, and doing just as long as theere's a soldier down South fighting for us!" It would not be easy to match the pathos and eloquence of this untutored speech.— *Springfield Republican.*

A. J. Davis on Thomas Carlyle.

OBJECTIONS TO CARLYLE'S DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the World:

SIR: My attention has just been called to a "remarkable letter" copied into your columns from the *American Scotchman*, in which the strong-minded Mr. Carlyle scornfully denominates Spiritualism (a thing he never mentions unless when compelled) as *"ultra brutalism,"* and as the *Liturgy of Dead-sea Apes."*

This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its insinuations.

Concerning Spiritualism, Mr. Editor, permit me to remark that the *reality* of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly TRUE as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." It is the foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence—and instantly, "in the twinkling of an eye," the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe become an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

The overbearing character of Mr. Carlyle's denunciation may, in part, be pardoned because of the vexatious mysticism of Wm. Denovan's bewildering pamphlet entitled "Temple of Isis." In this little work the facts of spiritualism are accounted for by a perplexing hypothesis, enough to throw a man of Mr. Carlyle's dogmatic temperament into a fit of uncontrollable "disagreeability." One year ago I addressed Mr. Denovan a note regarding the unscientific character of his "explanation of Spiritualism; and I had hopes that from motives of disinterested kindness, he would not disturb the calm repose of Mr. Carlyle with spectral hypotheses sent forth from the "Temple of Isis."

MY DEFINITION OF SPIRITUALISM,

however, is considerably different ftom that given by the majority of Spiritualists. It is generally esteemed as the name of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term "Spiritualism" as applicable to a revival of "evidence." appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death, but *exists* as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of travelling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

Spiritualists hold very generally that "circles" and "manifestations" should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that, beyond establishing the momentous question, "If a man die shall he live again?"—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of circles and the accumulation of repetitious "manifestations" are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and judgment.

DARK CIRCLES UNPROFITABLE.

Excepting for scientiffc investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that "dark circles" are valueless and injurious. As means of carrying conviction to skeptieal minds, the lightless sessions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of "facts" to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves Spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as did the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom.

But, although Spiritualism is not, accorcording to my definition, a *new* religion, *it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual development.* It makes possible and hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of "this thing which calls itself Spiritualism." An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this spiritual agitation, and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Carlyle's would be touched with at least *one* ray from the new sun. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

ORANGE, October 19th, 1869.

Angelic Superiority.

We have never based our plea for woman on the ground of her angelic superiority. The argument proves too much. If she is already so perfect, there is every inducement to let well alone. It suggests the expediency of conforming man's condition to hers, instead of conforming hers to man's. If she is a winged creature, and men can only crawl, it is his condition that needs mending.

Besides, we are a little incredulous of these claims of infinite superiority. Granting some average advantage to woman, it is not of such an amazing extent as to base much argument upon it. The minister looking on his congregation, rarely sees an unmixed angel either at the head or at the foot of any pew. The domestic servent rarely has the felicity of an absolute saint at either end of the dinner table. The lady's maid has to compare her little experiences of human infirmity, with those of the valet-de-chambre. The lover worships the beloved, whether man or woman; but marriage bears rather hard on the ideal of either case. And those who pray out of the same book, "Have mercy upon us miserable sinners" are not supposed to be offering up petitions for each other only.

We all know many women whose lives are made wretched by the sins and follies of their husbands. We also know many men whose lives are turned to long wretchedness by the selfishness, the worldliness, or the ill-temper of their wives. Domestic tyranny belongs to neither sex by monopoly. If man tortures or depresses woman, she also has a fearful power to corrupt and deprave man.

On the other hand, as even the Oriental Scriptures assert, "the virtues of the man and woman are the same." A refined man is more refined than a coarse woman. A child-loving man is infinitely tenderer and sweeter toward children than a hard and unsympathetic woman. The very qualities that are claimed as distinctively feminine are possessed more abundantly by many men than by many of what is called the softer sex.

Why is it necessary to say all this? Because there is always danger that we who believe in the equality of the sexes should be led into overstatements, which will react against ourselves. It is not safe to say that the ballot-box will be reformed by feminine votes alone. Had the voters of the South been all women, it would have plunged earlier into the gulf of secession, dived deeper, and come up even more reluctantly. Were the women of Spain to rule its destinies unchecked, the Pope would be its master, and the Inquisition might be re-established. For all that we can see, the rule of women alone would be as bad as the rule of men alone. Even where their instincts were most admirable, they might only defeat their own ends, if left to themselves. Were temperance legislation in the hands of women only, there would be a prohibitory law in every state this winter; and who knows what wild extreme of reaction a twelvemonth after? It would be as unsafe to give woman the absolute control of man as to make man the master of woman.

Let us be a shade more cautious in our reasonings. Woman ought to have the ballot, not because she is man's better half, but because she is his other half. She needs the ballot not as an angel, but as a fraction of humanity. Her political education will not merely help man, but it will help herself. She will sometimes be right in her political opinions, and sometimes be altogether wrong; but she will learn, by her own blunders. We demand in her behalf that she shall have the opportunity to make mistakes, since it is by that means she must become wise.

In all our towns there is a tendency toward "mixed schools." We rarely hear of the sexes being once united; but we constantly hear of their being brought together after separation. This is commonly but foolishly recommended as an advantage to the boys alone. We once heard an accomplished female teacher remonstrate against this change, when thus urged. "Why should my girls be sacrificed," she said, "to improve your boys?" Six months after she had learned by experience. "Why she asked, "did you rest the argument on so narrow a ground? Since my school consisted half of boys, I find with surprise that it has improved both sexes. My girls are more ambitious, more obedient, and more ladylike. I shall never distrust the policy of mixed schools again."

What is true of the schools is true of the family and of the state. It is not good for man, nor for woman, to be alone. Granting the woman to be, on the whole, the more spiritual, it is still true that each sex needs the other. When the rivet falls from a pair of scissors, it is not because either half posess angelic superiority that we wish them reunited. It is because either half is of little use alone, and we wish for a pair that shall be fit for service,

Opposition to Monopolies.

There is one great danger which menaces the American people, and which, if the present occasion is not improved, will inevitably fall upon them. It is Monopoly. The vast resources of America, of which we hear so much, but which, we think are seldom overrated, were designed for the benefit of every man who should be born in this land or should seek its shores. The earth, which is the Lord's, He has given to the people and they should not allow their rights to be disregarded. But we find that almost every good thing is becoming monopolized, to be doled out to the community at the highest cash prices. The rise and the success of monopolies are the fault of carelessness in half the people and corruption in the rest. We do not exercise eternal vigilance; we allow the helm of state to fall into the hands of ignorant and unprincipled men. Under a monarchical form of government, few monopolies can thrive and they only live by sufferance. A prince may foster special interest for his own benefit, but there are very few such interests. But in this country the monopolists apply at once to the venality and cupidity of those who govern us, and we know how highly successful they are. Their lobbyists are prepared to pay to every man his price, and their leaders can offer any number of votes to a legislator, or threaten as many against him, according as he submits to the pleasure of the monopoly or not. Human nature is frail, and perhaps cannot always withstand them and the end crowns the work. The courts have refrained from adopting any principles which might seem to grant any man or set of men a monopoly, but it cannot be denied that we are tending in many respects in the direction of monopoly. It is only necessary to glance at the present state of our railroads, express companies, telegraphs, etc., to be fully convinced of the fact. The appearance of "Railway Kings," and "Kings" of all sorts, is a certain and ominous indication of the growing success of what may become intolerable monopolies. Such men as Fiske, Vanderbilt, etc., whose acts indicate that they are soulless as the corporations they control, can do as they please in certain matters and the longer they are allowed to do so, the more powerful they will become. Let us nip monopoly in the bud, or it will surely blossom in balefulness and poison for the nation. If our legislators cannot be brought to do right in the face of the money of the monopoly, the people can still enact such regulations as will prevent an increase of the evil. We hope the free and impartial press of the country will sound lustily the knell of warning until the people are stimulated to such action as will effectually relieve them from a possibility of the impending evil.—*Commeecial Advertiser.*

UNDER THE LEAVES.

Oft have I walked these woodland paths
In sadness, not foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The flowers of spring were growing.

To day the winds have swept away
These wrecks of autumn's splendor;
And here the fair arbutus flowers
Are springing fresh and tender.

O perfect flowers with lips of bloom!
Surpassing in their beauty
The pearly tint of ocean shells,
To teach me faith and duty.

Walk life's dark way, ye seem to say,
In hope and faith, foreknowing
That when man sees but withered leaves,
God sees the fair flowers growing.

Hygienic.

From Hall's Journal of Health.

Early Rising.

Health and long life are almost universally associated with early rising; and we are pointed to countless old people, as evidence of its good effects on the general system. Can any of our readers, on the spur of the moment, give a good and conclusive reason why health should be attributed to this habit? We know that old people get up early; but it is simply because they can't sleep; hence, in the aged, early rising is a necessity, or a convenience, and is not a cause of health in itself.

Early rising, to be beneficial, must have two concomitants: to retire early, and on rising, to be properly employed. One of the most eminent divines in this country rose by daylight for many years, at the end of that time became an invalid—has travelled the world over for health, and has never regained it, nor ever will. It is rather an early retiring that does the good, by keeping people out of those mischievous practices which darkness favors, and which need not here be more particularly referred to.

Another important advantage of retiring early is, that the intense stillness of midnight and the early morning hours favor that unbroken repose which is the all-powerful renovator of the tired system. Without, then, the accompaniment of retiring early, "early rising" is worse than useless, and is positively mischievous. Every person should be allowed to "have his sleep out;" otherwise, the duties of the day cannot be properly performed, will be necessarily slighted, even by the most conscientious.

To all young persons, to students, to the sedentary, and to invalids, the fullest sleep that the system will take, without artificial means, is the balm of life—without it there can be no restoration to health and activity again. Never wake up the sick or infirm, or young children of a morning—it is a barbarity; let them wake of themselves, let the care rather be to establish an hour for retiring, so early, that their fullest sleep may be out before sunrise.

Another item of very great importance is: Do not hurry up the young and the weakly. It is no advantage to pull them out of bed as soon as their eyes are open, nor is it best for the studious, or even for the well, who have passed an unusually fatiguing day, to jump out of bed the moment they wake up: let them remain, without going to sleep again, until the senses of weariness passes from the limbs. Nature abhors two things: violence and vacuum. The sun does not break out at once into the glare of the meridian. The diurnal flowers unfold themselves by slow degrees; nor fleetest beast, nor sprightliest bird, leaps at once from its resting-place. By all of which we mean to say, that as no physiological truth is more demonstrable, than that the brain, and with it the whole nervous system is recuperated by sleep, it is of the first importance, as to the well-being of the human system, that it have its fullest measure of it; and to that end, the habit of retiring to bed early should be made imperative on all children, and no ordinary event should be allowed to interefere with it. Its moral healthfulness is not less important than its physical. Many a young man, many a young woman, has made the first step towards degraãation, and crime, and disease, after ten o'clock at night; at which hour, the year round, the old, the middle-aged, and the young should be in bed: and then the early rising will take care of itself, with the incalculable accompaniment of a fully-restod body and a renovated brain. We repeat it, there is neither wisdom, nor safety, nor health, in early rising in itself; but there is all of them in the persistent practice of retiring to bed at an early hour, winter and summer.

From Good Health.

Is all Animal Food Unhealthy?

By no manner of means. Still there is no class of men that enjoys better health, or has a more vigorous body, than some who live wholly on vegetable substances. This is especially the case with the Greek carriers or servants who rarely taste meat. The late Dr. William A. Alcott, during the last thirty years of his life, informed the writer that he had not eaten any animal food, and yet enjoyed better health than he did before adopting this course. His son, now professor in one of our colleges, whom I saw two years since, while preaching at Cohasset, told me he had never tasted meat; yet he was full grown, strong and healthy. Those of us who can look back thirty or forty years, will recollect how much was then said about living on a vegetable diet. I have now in my library two volumes of Sylvester Graham's Lectures against the use of meat. Yet most of his disciples went back to the use of meat, and poor Graham died of chagrin, because his book, which he verily thought would become a text-book in all our colleges, fell "still-born" from the press.

Still, some animal food taken in connection with vegetables, is better than a diet composed entirely of vegetables. We give this as our medical and personal experience. Many patients have improved upon more animal food than they had formerly taken, and personally we have eaten such food every day, and have not been sick for thirty years. We are aware that all this is no demonstrative proof of the truth of our general remark, because these patients might have been of that class whose cases peculiarly required meats, and *we* might not have been sick if we had lived on a vegetable diet. Still, in our opinion, some animal is preferable for health, to a diet wholly vegetable.

At the same time, we have not a doubt but more animal food is taken generally than redounds to the health of the community.

We are frank, also, to acknowledge that a diet wholly vegetable would be preferable to one wholly animal.

No person should live on animal food alone, because it destroys his energy, renders him dull and heavy, produces too much blood, augments its circulation, and over stimulates the system. It lays a foundation for inflammatory diseases. It also has a bad effect upon the mind, producing peevishness, fretfulness and an irritable disposition.

Something, too, depends upon temperaments and constitutions. Some can bear the stimulus of meat much better than others. It is very much in this respect as it used to be with the effects of taking alcoholic spirit,—we say used to be designedly, because in this day of "extending liquors," all are poisoned. Some could drink for years, and live and enjoy health; a great ancestor of ours lived to ninety, and always seemed better when he had liquor, while others could endure it but a short time. So it is with meats; some are much benefitted when they eat them freely, others are injured by a very free use of them.

Then, the use of animal food depends much upon the climate. In a cold climate, it is much more necessary than in a tropical one. An East India-man would give more for an orange, or an apple, than for a pound of flesh, while an Icelander would not touch the apple or the orange, but eat his sea-blubber, and drink his train oil, with the utmost zest. The colder the climate, and the more oxygen we breathe, the more animal food we require, just as the more fuel is consumed, the more fire we have. This accounts for the fact that we require more food and more meat in winter than we do in summer. The lungs consume more oxygen, and the furnace of digestion must have more fuel to support the flame.

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Ypsilanti	8.32	8.27	6.15	7.08	10.40
Ann Arbor	8.57	8.40	6.50	7.40	11.00
Jackson	10.40	9.43	.....	9.25	AM12.20
Marshall	PM12.20	10.35	.....	10.55	1.40
BattleCre'k	12.55	10.55	.....	11.30	2.08
Kalamazoo	2.05	11.35	AM 4.45	AM12.27	3.05
Niles	4.10	PM 1.12	6.55	2.25	5.15
Mich City	5.43	2.15	8.33	4.05	6.40
Chicago. Ar.	8.05	4.00	11.00	6.30	9.00

TRAINS EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	Dex Ac.	Mail	N Y Exp	At'c Exp	Ng't Exp
	P M	A M	A M	P M	P M
Chicago.	3.55	6.50	11.30	5.15	9:
Mich C'ty	6.20	9.15	PM 1.19	7.23	11.15
Niles	7.55	10.45	2.17	8.33	A M12.46
Kalamazoo	9.35	PM 12.45	3.53	10.43	2.20
Battle Cr'k	.....	1.48	4.34	11.30	3.05
Marshall	.....	2.20	4.58	AM.12.05	3.38
Jackson	.....	4.05	5.53	1.10	5.00
Ann Arbor	A M 6.45	5.50	6.50	2.20	6.25
Ypsilanti	7.10	6.15	7.08	2.40	6.45
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Pontiac	9.35	11.23	5.12	10.55
Holly	10.30	12.25 P.M.	6.10	12.10 A.M.
Owosso	.....	1.55	.....	2.05
St. Johns	.....	3.05	.....	3.22
Pewamo	.....	3.45	.....	4.12
Muir	.....	4.00	.....	4.32
Ionia	.....	4.15	.....	4.52
Grand Rapids	.....	5.30	.....	7.00
Nunica	.....	6.35	.....	9.10
Grand Haven	.....	7.10	.....	10.00

TRAINS EASTWARD

STATIONS.	A com.	Mail.	Express.	Night Mixed Sleep'g Car.
Grand Haven	.....	8.00 A.M.	.....	5.40 P.M.
Nunica	.....	8.23	.....	6.30
Grand Rapids